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INDEX

TO THE

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[The articles contributed by Ladies alone have their writers mentioned.]

PAGE

A

Acknowledgments 34, 68, 102, 140, 178, 230, 269, 308, 348, 390, 422, 455
Among the Wicklow Hills 210
Artesian Wells 55
Aryan Girls' School Report 441

B

Baby, to a; by Lalita Gupta 408
Bee, The; by an Indian Lady ... 81
Bethune College, The 147
Bharat Mata's Awakening, The; by Lalita Gupta 203
Bible, The; from a Literary point of View 123
Body and Mind; by M. C. Sidgwick ... 353
Bombay, The City of; by an Indian lady. 44
Brander, Mrs.; The Unveiling of Portrait of 151
Brave Woman, A; by an Indian Lady ... 130
Brothers; by Miss Benson 236

C

Car Festival, A 405
Cecilia, St.; by S. 183
Character; by an Indian Lady ... 2
Character; by Rose 53
Character of Queen Elizabeth ... 108
Charity; by an Indian Lady 163
Charm, the Power of; by M. C. Sidgwick. 72
Cheltenham Ladies' College, The; by an Indian Lady 287
Child's Eyes, A—Selected 349
Chorus of life, The—Selected... ... 35
Christmas Angel, The 198
Christmas Morning—Selected ... 179
Christmas Story, A; by Lady Haman Singh. 193
Christmas Thoughts; by an Indian Lady... 180
Christmas Trip to Hampe, Our; by K. M. Rohde 278

PAGE

Christmas with the Children in England; by "Elspeth" 195
Conversations with my second self; by an Indian Lady 277
Cookery Column, Our— 334, 377, 413, 446
Cordelia, Shakespeare's; by K. Satthianadhan 113
Correspondence 133
Culture 121

D

Daughter of India, The; by Miss C. Albers 54
Day at School, A; by S. Govindu ... 289
Death; by Narayani 129
Death; The Birth of; by an Indian Lady... 317
Deep-breathing for Women 26
Desdemona, Shakespeare's, An estimate of 187, 190, 191
Determined Daughter, The—Selected ... 261
Dewan's Daughter, The ... 357, 400, 432
Discussion, Our Column for 30
Dream, A Twilight; by Soundari ... 326
Dreaming 203
Dress, The Evolution of; by an Indian Lady 96

E

Earthquakes; by an Indian Lady ... 328
Earth's Beginning, The; by an Indian Lady 152

Editorial Notes:—

The New Volume of the I. L. M. Two Pictures by Mr. Ravi Varma; the Tinnevelly Social Conference 28
The Death of Lady Curzon; the Government of Bengal Scholars 62
Three Lamented Deaths; the first fruits of Female Education in Mysore 98
The Death of Mr. Ravi Varma; The Poona Widows' Home; Sarah Tucker College, Palamcottah .. 132

PAGE

A Ladies' Section of the Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition to be held in Calcutta in December, 1906 167
The Ideal of Woman; H. E. Lady Lawley; Three gold medals 217
Our Frontispiece; the Education of Hindu Girls .. 259
Marie Corelli; The late Mr. H. K. Beauchamp; Mrs. P. K. Sarma 296
Our New Volumes; A Speech in England on the Education of Indian Women; The "New Asiatic Review" 335
The Death of Mr. Cecil Barrow; This Year's Indian Lady Graduate of Madras 379
Our Serial Story; the Girls' Normal School at Aligarh 414
The Marriage of H. H. the Junior Ranee of Travancore 447

Education of Girls, an Englishwoman's Thoughts on; by an Indian Lady ... 106
Education, The Begum of Bhopal on—Selected 338
Egyptian Women; by an Indian Lady ... 246
Elaine; by Nalini 4
England and India 8
English Home, A Peep into an; by an Indian Lady 314
Englishwomen in India; by an English Lady 112
Enoch Arden; by an Indian Lady ... 424
Epics, The Indian and Homeric, by H.R. 92
Epics, The Indian, in relation to Modern Thought 253

F

Family Life as a Training for Society ... 181
Favourites, My Literary 192
Friendly Chats among ourselves; 327, 371, 408, 442
Fujiyama, A trip to 125

G

"Ganga Din"; by S. R. Singh ... 50
God's Love towards Man—Selected ... 105

H

Happiness, The Secret of 36
Have Hindus Homes? 27
Heroic dogs; by an Indian Lady ... 162
Hill Station, A Journey to a 322
Hindu Ladies' Association at Berhampore, Annual Report of; by B. Bangaramma. 407
Hindu Wife, Advice to a; by Rose ... 127
Hindu Womanhood, Ideal of—Selected 263, 297, 339.
Hobbes, the late John Oliver ... 95
Holidays, Letters about; by School girls... 52
Home Talks 331, 374, 409, 444

PAGE

I

Immortality 77
India and Anglo-India—Selected ... 64
Indian Girls and the 1906 University Examinations 368
Indian Ladies and their Future ... 322
Indian Lady to her Sisters, An—Selected... 168
Indian Lake, On an; by an Indian Lady... 324
India, Past and Present; by Lady Benson. 117
India's Children—Selected 272
Individual Responsibility; by S. R. ... 84
"In God's Out-of-doors"; by Ruby ... 81
Inner Life—Selected 309
Island home; An... 354
Italian and Swiss Scenery 23

J

Japanese Girls; by an Indian Lady ... 241
Joke that Failed, The 202
Jyeshta, The Exorcism of 87

K

Keat's Isabella 350
Kumaon; by Zoi Bose 255

L

Lac D'Amour 86
Ladies' Gathering at Surat—Selected ... 380
Ladies' Social Conference, The United Provinces; by M. Chatterjee ... 366
Lakshmi 164
Lepers, About; by Lady Benson ... 206
Letter-writing, the art of; by an Indian Lady 47
Life's Desires—Selected 233
Light Literature; by an Indian Lady ... 319
Lines addressed to my Friend and sent with my Picture; by Prema ... 129
Little Bulbul in Hawk's Claws, A; by N. Kumari 89
Living for God; by Rose 256
Living Memory, The 291
Longfellow 272
"Love me as of old," by "Ajit" ... 369
Love's Power; by F. Rockby... ... 87
Love's Victory—by E. Kofoed-Gregersen. 243

M

Madura and Ramesvaram, My Impressions of 185
Mahabalipuram, A trip to 436
Maharani, The little—Selected ... 170
Maker of Pots, The; by F. Swiney ... 427
Mallika—Selected 220

PAGE

Martha and Mary; by H. Krishnamma ... 142
Meeting of the Bombay Hindu Ladies' Social Club, Thirteenth Annual ... 294
Milton's Il Penseroso; by a Melancholy Lady 42
Milton's Sonnets; by Padmini ... 394
Money value and the poetry of life; by an Indian Lady 310
Monsoon, the North-west 159
Motherhood; by Nalini 40
Mother-love—Selected 423
Mother's Sacrifice, A; by Padmini ... 215
My Father; by an Indian Lady ... 257
My Vision; by E. B. Durrant ... 440

N

Nature-worship of the Vedas ... 37
Needlework Column 332, 375, 411, 445
News and Notes, 32, 66, 101, 138, 176, 228, 268, 306, 346, 387, 419, 453
Nilgiris, The wild tribes of the; by an Indian Lady 13

O

Observation; by Kalaki 370
Ode to Prince Ranjit; by Kshama ... 408
Old Tales, Some—Selected 222
Omens and Superstitions; by an Indian Lady 110
Oral Instruction for Women; by Mrs. S. Tahl Ram 429

P

Palghat Ladies' Association; The—Selected 337
Paper read at the U. P. Social Conference; by M. Chatterjee 366
Paradise and the Peri; by Nalini ... 70
Parsis in India, The 155
Peacemaker, The little 20
Personal Element in Spiritual Life—Selected 341
Peter's St., and the Vatican 75
Philosophy of Extremes 248
Philosophy of India 395
Poetry, The Effect of Civilization on .. 364
Pongal Festival in a Village 22
Preacher's Wisdom, The—Selected ... 69
Presentation of Khillats to the Lady Graduates of the Maharani Girls' College—Selected 170
Props for Man, Three; by Rose ... 369
Pull out the Plug; by D. L. Porter ... 57

Q

Queen Kaikeyi's Demand 288

PAGE

R

Religion for the Hindu Woman—Selected 63
Romances of the French Throne; by Madame Jean Delaire ... 16, 48
Rose, The; by Kamala 20
Round the Village Well 61
Ruskin on Education; by an Indian Lady. 11
Rustic in the City, The; by an Indian Lady 292

S

Saying and Doing; by Rose 160
Sea Mists—Selected 141
Seetha's Marriage; by S. Parkutty Ammal 325
Selections 135
Sea-side in Summer, At the; by Nelothpalam 158
Sesame, The open 87
Simple Story, A; by an old Lady ... 90
Social Intercourse between Indians and Anglo-Indians 252
Sonnet 373
Speech of H. H. The Maharani of Cooch Behar—Selected 260
Spenser, Edmund 234
Suffering and Strength 251
Social Gathering of English Ladies and Their Indian Sisters, A; by an Indian Lady 406

T

Teaching, Some Thoughts on; by S. R. ... 120
Temptation, Story of a 280
Tennyson, Some Pictures from; by Padmini 311
Theories; by H. R. 274
Things seen 98
Third-class in an Indian Railway ... 399
Thought-reading 258
Tinnevelly, A Short Trip to; by S. Parkutty Ammal 397
To a Torrent; by F. Rockby 64
Tragedy of Love and Death, A ... 209
Travancore under the Ranees 275, 319
Travelling in India; by K. R. ... 88
True Greatness 273

U

United Provinces Social Conference, The—Selected 381
Unseen Guide, The—Selected ... 1

V

Varieties ... 33, 335, 378, 413, 446

PAGE

Voluntary burden-bearers; by an Indian Lady 143

W

Waiting Wives, Two; by Miss Sidgwick, 59
Water-lilies—Selected 391
What is being done for, and by, Indian Ladies, 30, 65, 100, 137, 173, 222, 265, 309, 342, 383, 415, 442
Widowhood, Enforced—Selected ... 172
Wives, as they promise to be, Our ... 165
Wives in subjection; by an Indian Lady 144
Woman's looks; by "Shahinda" ... 19
Woman's work in Ottawa; by M. Edwardes-Coll 439
Woman and Purity 237
Work, a song of—Selected 187

Y

Yugalanjali 245

Z

Zenana System, The; by Mrs. N. C. Sen.
Zenobia, the Queen of Palmyra ... 78

ILLUSTRATIONS.

July.—Malati; Gangabhishma; Marie-Antoinette and her Children; Toda Girls; The Curumbars in the Nilgiris; A Bhutia girl; An Egyptian lady.

August.—Lady Curzon; Four Views of the City of Bombay; The Emperor Napoleon and Josephine; A Marwari lady; A Bhil woman of Aurangabad.

September.—The Golden Stairs; St. Peter's Cathedral and the Vatican; A Roman Vista; A Village Oil-mill; Washing buffaloes; A Syrian lady; A Tibetan family.

October.—Tara; King Lear and Cordelia; The late Mr. Ravi Varma; Widow Students of the Poona Widows' Home; Non-widow Students of the same.

November.—Mrs. Brander's Portrait; Somali women; Arab girls.

December.—H. E. Lady Lawley; St. Cecilia; H. H. The Maharanee Gaekwar of Baroda; H. H. The Maharanee of Cooch Behar; The Teppa Tank, Madura; Tirumal Naick's Palace, Madura; Three Illustrations for the article, "Christmas with the Children"; Three Illustrations for the Story, "A Mother's Sacrifice."

January.—A Scene from Shakespeare's Hamlet; A Japanese Girl; Egyptian Women; Mrs. Snehalata Sen and Miss Lalita Gupta.

February.—Mrs. P. K. Sarma; Scenes from Hampe; "Mary," to illustrate "The Story of a Temptation."

March.—A Group of Nair children; An Indian Scene; Two Maharanis of Travancore; Knitting Sketches.

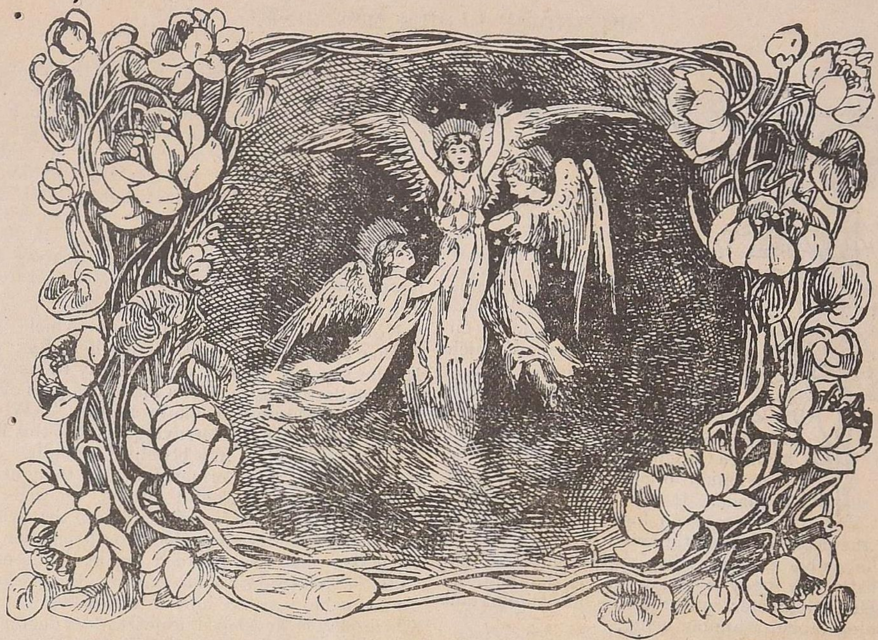
April.—Miss Theodora Lazarus, B.A.

May.—Mrs. N. C. Sen; An Assamese Woman.

June.—Mrs. R. L. Borden; H. H. The Junior Ranee of Travancore.

MALATI.

A picture by Ravi Varma.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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THE UNSEEN GUIDE.

I rose in silence; the world was still,
And over the crest of the lonely hill
The stars bejewelled the solemn night;
A sigh, a whisper, a footstep light,
And someone stood in the path with me,
Saying, "I come as a guide to thee;
One fair summer will bring thee flowers,
One long winter shall strip thy bowers,
But if my face be the face of foe
Or the face of friend, thou shalt not know."

The dawn came stealing across the down,
Slowly the hum of the waking town
Stole on mine ears as the daylight broke;
I turned to my guide, who never spoke,
But only motioned with steadfast hand
To the long brown reach of silent land;
Never a greeting the soul to cheer,
But the quiet step was always near
And the morning wind that swept the dale
Never uplifted the shrouding veil.

Then came the dark with a bitter blast,
And troops of phantoms went gliding past,
Faces of friends, but they did not stay,
Visions of loves that had passed away,
And once, a glimpse of a golden gate,
And of one who knelt there desolate;
And once the sound of a holy song,
A few clear notes that were sweet and strong;
And then the silence of weary pain
Till the cold pale morn awoke again.

Never a word. On the barren land
My guide was walking at my right hand;
The sky was calm, and the wind sang low,
Snatches of music of long ago;
But every footstep pressed a thorn,
And every gladness died new-born;
"Why is the sorrow so sharp?" I cried,
But over the desert, bleak and wide,
The hand was pointing; the veil was stirred,
And we went on with never a word.

At last, at last, on a morning grey,
There came an end to that toilsome way,
And silver-sweet to my waiting ear,
The voice of the guide was speaking clear;
"Look on me now, and thy doubting heart
Shall feel the last of its fears depart."
Just for a moment his face was shown,
Sweet with the beauty of love well known;
My own dear angel above me smiled,
"The saddest year was the best, my child."

Character.

By an Indian Lady.

SOME time ago, I came across a comprehensive series of articles on *Character*, a summary of which I thought would prove interesting and useful to the readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*. The word character signified originally the mark of a Babylonian brickmaker on the bricks he made. It now means the stamp of the owner on his own mind. It is "the personal shape the mind acquires by use, the visible representative of the spiritual self, just as the body is the image of the material self." Character is one of the most important things about a human being.

> "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs. He most loves
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best,
> It matters not how long we live, but how."

But, important as character is, it is difficult to fix on a man's real character. There are so many personalities, so many selves he shows. First, there is the real self, which, I think, God alone knows. Secondly, there is the "self I know." It is the advice of Ruskin that there should be two mirrors on our toilet-table, for both the mind and the body. "Introspection," says the writer of the articles I have mentioned, "to be beneficial should never be habitual, but only, at intervals, and with a view to definite improvement. As a rule, we can only see ourselves by looking inwards: it is rare that we see ourselves objectively." Thirdly, there is "the artificial self." This is the self in which we wish others to see us; and sometimes it is presented in so many different lights to different people. These artificial selves are worn quite easily, and often quite unconsciously, and often, to say the least, are seldom complete all round. Says our writer: "They are like the allegorical figures Ruskin speaks of in the roof of a Cathedral, which looked very well from the pavement; but which, when he got a ladder and went up, he perceived were quite unfinished, and never intended for close inspection. We are not always prepared for our friends to walk all round us." Lastly, there is "the self as seen by others," which is never the true self, but always an incorrect view of it: often we take hold of one point in the character and see all other qualities in its light; often we do not go deep enough; often we take a far better view than ought to be taken. In any case, it is to be remembered that we are ever, as it were, in a search-light before others, and live, in a sense, always at the judgment bar.

Now, let us see some of the forces which influence a character. First, there is heredity; as Huxley says: "we may veritably say the moral and intellectual essence of a man does pass over from one fleshly tabernacle to another." What a stupendous, what a terrifying thought this is! and yet, here comes in a beautiful thought. As our writer says: "Formerly we were thought to inherit positive vices and virtues, as well as diseases. Now it is found in disease that what we inherit is mainly a tendency or disposition to it which may be guarded against successfully, or fostered so as to produce the disease. In the same way we inherit moral tendencies which may be developed into virtues or degraded into vices, or, at any rate, defects, and this is not all done in the nursery. Even our readers are not at all too late to guard their characters in this respect, and see that whatever fixed qualities they possess, by inheritance, are developed upward and not downward." Hence, we see that, however strong heredity may be, it cannot be too strong, and each individual can, in a measure, direct his own life. Otherwise, what a chaos the world would be!

Secondly, we must take into consideration the physique of the body, which unmistakably affects character. Bodily health is a good aid to the formation of a sound character. On the other hand, the weaker the body is, the more it commands the mind. Hence the great need of physical education.

Then, there is the effect of the surroundings, the environment, which have a great effect on the character, in spite of the undoubted fact that the mind can make its own atmosphere. But it is not all minds that can do this. Some atmospheres develop the weeds in a character, some develop the flowers. And one of the most important constituents of the atmosphere is the home. This is "nature's great moral school," and real character is first formed at home. And, therefore, no gratitude can be too strong for the blessing of a happy, a healthy home. Hence, it is also that the mother is the most important factor in the formation of character.

Then there are the circumstances of the life of an individual, which also affect his character.

Says our writer: "Take two brothers, and let one be brought up, say, as an officer. Let him lead a leisurely, well-ordered life; let him be well-washed, well-dressed, well-fed, and well-cared for till he is thirty-five. Let the other brother live in a single room, with his wife and three children, and follow some dirty, depressing trade, till he is also thirty-five; and then notice how far circumstances can modify character." Circumstances, as we all know, may be of two kinds, happy and unhappy. The joys of life do mould a character; but it is the trials, I think, which have the greatest effect upon it.

> And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
> For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonised?
> Why else was the pause prolonged, but that singing might issue thence?
> Why rushed the discord in, but that harmony should be prized?
> Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear.
> Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe,
> But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear—
> The rest may reason, and welcome; *'tis we musicians know!*

Then we come to the effect of habits upon character. Habits are the result of education. Education, and by this we mean self-culture, is described by Matthew Arnold as "an atmosphere, a discipline, and a life." An atmosphere is what we breathe; the discipline of character mainly consists, as we shall see, of the railroad of habit; and the life is the inspiring ideal before the mind that spurs us on. Our writer says: "as the Alps are the sedimentary deposits of the silent seas of the past, so character is formed from the sedimentary deposits of thousands of acts and experiences in the unconscious past of our lives. These acts and repetitions arise, as we shall see, from our surroundings and our ideals. Still we must remember that bundles of habits are not in themselves character. Care in Latin pronunciation will not produce care in cycling in a careless character until, by repetition, carefulness itself has become an instinctive quality. Then, it appears in all pursuits and forms a part of character. In short, there comes a period when I no longer possess a certain virtue, but it possesses me. When this is so, it is my assured property, and I can pass on to attain higher forms of virtue, and it is thus I grow into the perfectly-tempered being who is the product of organised habit." Habits, though easy to form, are very hard to break, and hence the great need for a very watchful eye in their formation.

One of the ways of forming good habits, is by following ideals. Our instincts and character are moulded by ideals, but not by passing pleasures; indeed, our will seems fulfilled in an ideal in a way it never is by pleasure. This ideal may not be a matter of conscious choice, but may grow up with us from obscure origin. "To have the eye evil," says Ruskin, "is more than being blind, just as the whole body being full of darkness is darkness in me, and is more than my being in darkness." Such is the case where corrupt ideals fill the vision. Loss of faith in ideals is also destructive of character and stops its growth; moreover, an ideal not followed is soon lost. The substitution of an inferior ideal for a superior is the greatest moral calamity we can suffer. We must never lower our standards in order more easily to reach them, and, indeed, an impossible ideal or standard is always the most elevating to the character. The impossibility of reaching it preserves humility, while at the same time it ensures constant progress. Without an ideal we may exist, but cannot be said to live.

In the formation of habits and ideals, it is the will, which plays a great part. The will is free. There can be no morality without freedom of will, because there can be no responsibility. Our own personal freedom and responsibility must be an assured condition in order to build up personal character. We may be free, and yet it may be quite certain what use we shall make of our freedom. There can, of course, be no movement of will without a sufficient exciting cause. While, therefore, we are literally and absolutely free in theory, there are laws of character as irresistible as the law of gravitation. And in this lies the importance of character—that, while a man is free to form it, to re-form it, and to transform it as he likes, and has abundant power available to do so, when he has formed it, he freely imposes conditions on his own free will.

One of the greatest factors in the formation of character is Religion, "the natural school of character," not dead or formal religion, but the religion attended with morality. "When a man," says Emerson, "lives with God, his voice (character) shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn. He will weave no longer a spotted life of shreds and patches, but he will live with a Divine unity. He will cease from what is base and frivolous in his life, and be content with all places and with any service he can reach. He will calmly front the morrow in the negligency of that trust which carries God with it, and so has the whole future in the bottom of the heart."

The effects of character are many. "There is no beautifier of the face," says our writer, "like a beautiful spirit. The want of mind lowers all the powers of the body and the whole aspect of the face; and the lines of an easy or debased mind are easy to read,"

Character also affects outsiders, those who come in contact with us. "Men of character," says Emerson, "are the conscience of the society to which they belong, and to produce all this effect no work need be spoken, no deed done—the presence often suffices." "In silent company with another," says Maeterlink, "the character is often deeply formed. The truth," he adds, "cannot often be uttered in words but it can be learnt in silence."

Character again affects conduct, which means our words and acts and general deportment. It has an effect on conscience also and on our ethical standard. In short, a good character is the basis of morality. We can educate the moral sense with reverent care, keeping it tender in its purity, modesty, and sensitiveness to all evil. We can increase the sense of responsibility, first to oneself, then to others, and, above all, to God. We can ever keep before us the twofold purpose of our being—the glory of God and the good of our fellow-man."

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control—
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power; that of itself would come unsought;
But to live by rule, acting each rule by law,
And because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

"The bravest trophy ever man obtained
Is that which in himself, himself hath gained."

The details of a good character are many. We must strike the balance between rational and irrational character, between consistent and inconsistent character, between the intellectual and the emotional, between self and selflessness. Self-sacrifice, self-denial, godliness, contentment, humility, steadiness of purpose, candour, benevolence, charity, love to humanity—these and many other qualities form a good character.

"And so I live, you see,
Go through the world, try, prove, reject,
Prefer, still struggling to effect
My warfare; happy that I can
Be crossed and thwarted as a man.
Not left in God's contempt apart;
With ghastly smooth life—dead at heart."

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids—not sit, nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!"

Elaine.

FROM TENNYSON'S LANCELOT AND ELAINE.

THERE are certain characters in literature, the remembrance of which, like the faint sweet scent of a fading flower, fills our hearts with overpowering feelings of pity and commiseration. Their memory seems enveloped in the shrouding web of pathos and hopeless despair, and out of this shroud, their faces seem to look at us with sad smiles breaking out of sadder tears—an image of dauntless hope rising as it were out of despair, because the despair was but the calm submission to irrevocable fate, not the agonized helpless surrender to bitter sorrow. Elaine is one of these characters:

"Elaine the fair, Elaine the loveable,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat."

A sweet, childish girl-woman, just stepping off with timid feet from the full shore of girlhood into the slender current of early womanhood, she is arrested at its very brink by the opposing current of unreturned love. Her faltering feet, yet unaccustomed to the starting swirl of sorrow, and unanchored to the pillar of self-control and hope, slip from under her, and she is engulfed by the full wave of tideless grief to which her innocence exposes her childish heart. Poor little lily-bud! she might have blossomed into one of the loveliest flowers of womanhood; but the winds of adversity proved too strong for her and withered her tender petals at the very outset.

Lancelot, whose guilty love for Queen Guinevere undermines all King Arthur's high plans, has won eight diamonds, which were the prizes of valour in eight tournaments. He is about to go with King Arthur and his court to the ninth and Last Tournament, when a look from the Queen, who is ill, makes him think that she wishes him to stay behind with her; and, responsive to her least wish, he makes an excuse to the King, which serves the purpose of excusing him from the tournament. But, no sooner has King Arthur left them behind and gone away, than the Queen's heart misgives her, and she asks Lancelot also to go, lest suspicion should be brought upon them. But how is he to go to the tourney, now that he has made his excuse to the King? The clever Queen bids him go in

disguise, explaining to Arthur afterwards that he did so with a desire to give the other knights an opportunity of winning the prize, who otherwise might have been daunted by the very mention of his name as a competitor. Obedient to her, Lancelot goes, choosing solitary and unknown ways to Camelot, where the tournament is to be held. But he loses his way and arrives at the Castle of Astolat, where he is met by the old Lord of the castle with his two sons Torre and Lavaine and his young daughter, Elaine. It is at this juncture that we are introduced to Elaine, the beloved of her father and brothers. Their's is a happy household; light jests are exchanged between them; happy laughter rings among them. Into this enters the great Sir Lancelot, asking for a blank shield, or a shield with a device not his own.

The situation of Elaine is such that it easily predisposes her to fall in love with the great knight. She is almost a child; at least she is treated like a child by her people. She is a spoilt maiden. She calls her father "a sweet father, tender and true," who had never "yet denied her fancies." Her brothers make much of her, treat her like a queen, and promise to bring the diamond and set it in her golden hair. They have been accustomed to go on happy expeditions together, in which Elaine is treated like a wayward darling child. She afterwards describes one such expedition:

> "Sweet brothers, yesternight
> I seemed a curious little maid again,
> As happy as when we dwelt among the woods,
> And when ye used to take me with the flood
> Up the great river in the boatman's boat,
> Only ye would not pass beyond the cape
> That has the poplar on it: there ye fixt
> Your limit, oft returning with the tide.
> And yet I cried because ye would not pass
> Beyond it, and far up the shining flood
> Until we found the palace of the King,
> And yet ye would not."

She is a wilful girl, and has been allowed to do what she likes. She knows the loving ways of tender coaxing.

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He is more than twice her age. And this we must remember is sometimes a great attraction to a young romantic girl. Moreover his great deeds and wounds and bruises make him doubly interesting in her sight. Her imagination catches fire at the great deeds he tells them of. He seems invested to her also with a becoming humility. For he says there never was a knight like King Arthur: "there lives no greater leader"; and Elaine's impressionable heart at once supplies the context: "Save your great self, fair lord." Then, not only is Lancelot a great knight; but he also shows "traits of pleasantry; being mirthful he, but in a stately kind." He looks at her "full courtly," and pays her innocent compliments:

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> My favour at this tourney?'"

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Character also affects outsiders, those who come in contact with us. "Men of character," says Emerson, "are the conscience of the society to which they belong, and to produce all this effect no work need be spoken, no deed done—the presence often suffices." "In silent company with another," says Maeterlink, "the character is often deeply formed. The truth," he adds, "cannot often be uttered in words but it can be learnt in silence."

Character again affects conduct, which means our words and acts and general deportment. It has an effect on conscience also and on our ethical standard. In short, a good character is the basis of morality. We can educate the moral sense with reverent care, keeping it tender in its purity, modesty, and sensitiveness to all evil. We can increase the sense of responsibility, first to oneself, then to others, and, above all, to God. We can ever keep before us the twofold purpose of our being—the glory of God and the good of our fellow-man."

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control—
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power; that of itself would come unsought;
But to live by rule, acting each rule by law,
And because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

"The bravest trophy ever man obtained
Is that which in himself, himself hath gained."

The details of a good character are many. We must strike the balance between rational and irrational character, between consistent and inconsistent character, between the intellectual and the emotional, between self and selflessness. Self-sacrifice, self-denial, godliness, contentment, humility, steadiness of purpose, candour, benevolence, charity, love to humanity—these and many other qualities form a good character.

"And so I live, you see,
Go through the world, try, prove, reject,
Prefer, still struggling to effect
My warfare; happy that I can
Be crossed and thwarted as a man.
Not left in God's contempt apart;
With ghastly smooth life—dead at heart."

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids—not sit, nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!"

Elaine.

FROM TENNYSON'S LANCELOT AND ELAINE.

THERE are certain characters in literature, the remembrance of which, like the faint sweet scent of a fading flower, fills our hearts with overpowering feelings of pity and commiseration. Their memory seems enveloped in the shrouding web of pathos and hopeless despair, and out of this shroud, their faces seem to look at us with sad smiles breaking out of sadder tears—an image of dauntless hope rising as it were out of despair, because the despair was but the calm submission to irrevocable fate, not the agonized helpless surrender to bitter sorrow. Elaine is one of these characters:

"Elaine the fair, Elaine the loveable,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat."

A sweet, childish girl-woman, just stepping off with timid feet from the full shore of girlhood into the slender current of early womanhood, she is arrested at its very brink by the opposing current of unreturned love. Her faltering feet, yet unaccustomed to the starting swirl of sorrow, and unanchored to the pillar of self-control and hope, slip from under her, and she is engulfed by the full wave of tideless grief to which her innocence exposes her childish heart. Poor little lily-bud! she might have blossomed into one of the loveliest flowers of womanhood; but the winds of adversity proved too strong for her and withered her tender petals at the very outset.

Lancelot, whose guilty love for Queen Guinevere undermines all King Arthur's high plans, has won eight diamonds, which were the prizes of valour in eight tournaments. He is about to go with King Arthur and his court to the ninth and Last Tournament, when a look from the Queen, who is ill, makes him think that she wishes him to stay behind with her; and, responsive to her least wish, he makes an excuse to the King, which serves the purpose of excusing him from the tournament. But, no sooner has King Arthur left them behind and gone away, than the Queen's heart misgives her, and she asks Lancelot also to go, lest suspicion should be brought upon them. But how is he to go to the tourney, now that he has made his excuse to the King? The clever Queen bids him go in

disguise, explaining to Arthur afterwards that he did so with a desire to give the other knights an opportunity of winning the prize, who otherwise might have been daunted by the very mention of his name as a competitor. Obedient to her, Lancelot goes, choosing solitary and unknown ways to Camelot, where the tournament is to be held. But he loses his way and arrives at the Castle of Astolat, where he is met by the old Lord of the castle with his two sons Torre and Lavaine and his young daughter, Elaine. It is at this juncture that we are introduced to Elaine, the beloved of her father and brothers. Their's is a happy household; light jests are exchanged between them; happy laughter rings among them. Into this enters the great Sir Lancelot, asking for a blank shield, or a shield with a device not his own.

The situation of Elaine is such that it easily predisposes her to fall in love with the great knight. She is almost a child; at least she is treated like a child by her people. She is a spoilt maiden. She calls her father "a sweet father, tender and true," who had never "yet denied her fancies." Her brothers make much of her, treat her like a queen, and promise to bring the diamond and set it in her golden hair. They have been accustomed to go on happy expeditions together, in which Elaine is treated like a wayward darling child. She afterwards describes one such expedition:

"Sweet brothers, yesternight
I seemed a curious little maid again,
As happy as when we dwelt among the woods,
And when ye used to take me with the flood
Up the great river in the boatman's boat,
Only ye would not pass beyond the cape
That has the poplar on it: there ye fixt
Your limit, oft returning with the tide.
And yet I cried because ye would not pass
Beyond it, and far up the shining flood
Until we found the palace of the King,
And yet ye would not."

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"I never yet have done so much for any maiden living." This, and the fact that he gives her his shield to take care of, deepen Elaine's impression that Lancelot loves her. "I am your squire," she laughingly cries.

Henceforth her pleasant duty is to take care of the shield. Henceforth she "lives in fantasy." She places it where she can see it the first thing in the morning. She broiders a case of silk for it. She weaves romances and pretty histories round it, and she is very happy. I think this was the happiest time in little Elaine's life; this time of expectation, of trembling satisfaction, when she is almost sure of her lover and waiting for him to come back to claim her. Her sweetest characteristics come out now; her tenderness, her pretty imagination, her loving carefulness, her sweet thoughtfulness. I think Elaine must have been as happy as a lark, singing and playing about the house; and her people must have found in her, indeed, a lovely companion.

But her time of sorrow is coming nearer. The cloud is looming larger on the horizon. Sir Lancelot, as might be expected, becomes victor at the tourney and wins the prize. But he is wounded, and goes away, without waiting to take the prize diamond. Arthur sends Gawain in search of the knight, who is still unknown, but whose name he is told afterwards by Queen Guinevere. Gawain arrives at Astolat, sees Elaine, and upon her inquiry, informs her of Lancelot's wound. She is so tender and delicate that she feels as if the wound had gone through herself. Gawain abides at Astolat a few days, with the desire to win Elaine for himself. But she, tired with his dalliance, and all unashamed of her own great love, asks him why he tarries so long, and shows him her beloved shield. He discovers it is Lancelot's, and asks her if she loves him.

"Full simple was her answer, 'What know I?
My brethren have been all my fellowship;
And I, when often they have talked of love,
Wished it had been my mother, for they talked,
Meseemed, of what they knew not; so myself—
I know not if I know, what true love is,
But if I know, then, if I love not him,
I know there is none other I can love."

Poor Elaine, so sinless and innocent is she, and withal so open-hearted, so frank, so confiding, so unashamed of her love! Gawain tries to warn her that Lancelot's love is the Queen's, but she will not hear him. Then, Gawain gives her the diamond, and returns to the Court, informing everyone that Lancelot had found a fair lady-love.

In the meanwhile, Elaine wins permission from her father to go in search of Lavaine and Lancelot. She makes the excuse that it would be "meet and serviceable" to help knights in sickness. We see from this how she has been taught to be tender and helpful to the helpless. Her father tries to give her a gentle warning, but gives in with the words, "Being so very wilful, you most go." Elaine does go, but there is already a foreboding in her heart. Her father's words ring in her ear, but in a changed form, "Being so very wilful, you must die." But she is too happy to heed this; and, even if she does, she thinks no sacrifice is too great for her love.

"What matter, so I help him back to life"?

So she finds Lancelot, and seeing him so faint and thin, she utters "a little tender dolorous cry." She gives him the diamond and seeing his eyes glisten thinks it is for her. Moreover, the fact that her favour is still fastened on to Lancelot's casque, raises her hopes high. To make matters worse, the knight kisses her, as he would kiss a child and think no more of it. But the kiss changes Elaine's world, and

"At once she slipt like water to the floor",

and her face blazes with colour. I think it is here that Elaine finally is transformed from the child into the girl. She now gets all a girl's tender sweet ways, and attends carefully to him.

He, half suspecting her secret, tries to be uncourteous to her;" but the meek mind

Sweetly forbore him ever, being to him
Meeker than any child to a rough nurse,
Milder than any mother to a sick child,
And never woman yet, since man's first fall,
Did kindlier unto man, but her deep love
Upbore her;"

And indeed it is her fine care that saves the knight;

"And the sick man forgot her simple blush,
Would call her friend and sister, sweet Elaine,
Would listen for her coming and regret
Her parting step, and held her tenderly,
And loved her with all love, except the love
Of man and woman when they loved their best."

But, alas! poor Elaine! the transition time from her girlhood to womanhood is short, too short. The first touch of sorrow makes her a woman. For soon Lancelot is again cold to her, because he wishes not to encourage her. Grief dims her sight; she wanders weeping far out into the fields and murmurs,

"Vain, in vain; it cannot be,
He will not love me: how then? must I die?"

Henceforth,

"As a little helpless innocent bird,
That has but one plain passage of few notes,
Will sing the simple passage o'er and o'er
For all an April morning,"

so the simple maid's cry is "Him or death."

Sir Lancelot soon returns to Astolat, and Elaine goes to meet him in her festive robes, thinking:

> "If he loved, these are my festal robes,
> If not, the victim's flowers before he fall."

Lancelot begs her to ask of him a wish, which he could grant; and, at last, with the frankness and impulsiveness of childhood still in her, she

> "Suddenly and passionately spoke:
> 'I have gone mad. I love you: let me die.'"

Elaine may appear to us to be a forward girl; but I think it was but the impetuous impulse of a childish heart. Besides this, the question was one of life and death to her. After such long hopes, she could not bear the suspense of slow disillusionment. But her question avails her little. Lancelot gently repulses her; but Elaine has so far forgotten herself that she cries:

> "I care not to be wife,
> But to be with you still, to see your face,
> To serve you, and to follow you thro' the world."

But her sacrifice is of no use. Lancelot is not hers.

Elaine's passion is not, as Lancelot thinks, "love's first flash in summer"; but an enduring passion, a deathless affection; and now that it is broken she can no longer live. She grows deathly pale and faints; and even her father thinks it is "a flash that will strike my blossom dead." She is like a dying exotic exposed to the pitiless cold. The very roots of her life have been torn up. She takes a pathetic last look at her knight, and then sits in her tower alone, and

> "Still she heard him, still his picture formed
> And grew between her and the pictured wall."

Her father and her brothers try to comfort her; but death is calling to her. She pines away. Her only occupation now is to indulge her fancies,

> "And she mixt
> Her fancies with the sallow-rifted glooms
> Of evening and the moaning of the wind."

Yet she does not complain against love. She rather welcomes its wild sweet ecstasy, as we see by "The Song of Love and Death" that she composes:

> "Sweet is true love, tho' given in vain, in vain;
> And sweet is death who puts an end to pain:
> I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.
>
> "Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away,
> Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay,
> I know not which is sweeter, no, not I."

Her father and brothers are quite shocked at the change in her appearance, but gently she proceeds to shock them more by her last words. She beseeches them to send her away to the palace of the king. Her father tries to dissuade her from her mad attempt. And her brother, Torre, with despairing love in his heart, offers to go and kill Lancelot. But Elaine is not vengeful; she loves the hand that has hurt her:

> "It is no more Sir Lancelot's fault
> Not to love me, than it is mine to love
> Him of all men, who seems to me the highest."

Then her father, to kill her passion, tells her of Lancelot's guilty love for the Queen. But Elaine is too noble-minded to harbour suspicion against her lover:

> "But now it is my glory to have loved
> One peerless, without stain: so let me pass,
> My father, howsoe'er I seem to you,
> Not all unhappy, having loved God's best
> And greatest, though my love had no return."

And so she bids her dear ones farewell, and is shriven by the priest. Then she writes a letter to Lancelot, and, after ten days of bright cheerfulness, she dies. The letter is laid in her dead hand; her people bid her farewell with bitter tears; she is laid in a barge draped with black, and her dead body is rowed away by the dumb servitor of the house.

> "And so she arrives at the palace,
> In her right hand the lily, in her left
> The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—
> And all the coverlid was cloth of gold
> Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
> All but her face, and that clear-featured face
> Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,
> But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled."

At the palace, meanwhile, Lancelot offers the hard-won diamonds to the Queen; but she, jealous of what she has heard about Elaine, flings them away into the river. And just at that moment, across the place where the diamonds had fallen, underneath Sir Lancelot's angry eyes, passes—oh strange irony!—the barge in which the dead Elaine lies.

All the court comes to meet her, and her pathetic letter is read:

> "I loved you, and my love had no return
> And therefore my true love has been my death.
> And therefore to our Lady Guinevere,
> And to all other ladies I make moan;
> Pray for my soul, and yield me burial,
> Pray for my soul thou, too, Sir Lancelot,
> As thou art a knight peerless."

Lancelot tells them the sad story, and so Elaine, like a queen, is buried in gorgeous state.

Elaine in this Idyll compares favourably with Guinevere, her rival. She is like a white lily, delicate and lovely and pure; while Guinevere is like a red rose, lovely also, but coloured with sin and passion. The King calls the maid "delicately pure"; and Lancelot says of her:

> "Fair she was, my king,
> Pure, as you wish your knights to be,

To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart."

Here is a pretty picture of her:

"Her bright hair blown about the serious face,
Yet rosy-kindled with her brother's kiss;"
"Where could be found face dainter? then her shape
From forehead down to foot, so perfect—again
From foot to forehead exquisitely turned."

Even Lancelot is astonished at her beauty, and awed at her purity, at the greatness of her love:

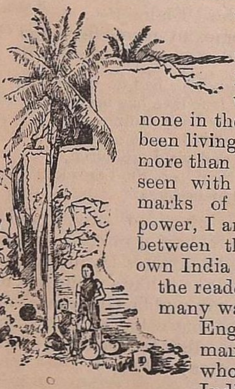
"He had not dreamed she was so beautiful
Then came on him a sort of sacred fear,
For silent, tho' he greeted her, she stood
Rapt on his face as it were a god's."

Elaine is indeed a girl, with the makings of a sweet and charming woman in her, but no time is given her to develop herself. From a child into a girl, then into a woman, she is quickly transformed by the stern hand of sorrow; but at the very brink of womanhood, she is arrested, and at a touch the petals of her sweet spirit are dropped and she droops and dies. Sweet Elaine, hapless Elaine! like the faint scent of a dying violet, the thought of her comes to us from that far-off dream-land of romance and chivalry. How many such there are in the world. They love and are repulsed, and, without a moan, they droop and die. And yet, they have lived in the world, and their example of purity and constancy may well be studied with advantage by all women.

NALINI.

England and India.—A Comparison.

By an Indian.



I have had the inestimable privilege of visiting England, a country which is second to none in the world, and as I have been living in that country for more than four years, and have seen with my own eyes the marks of its greatness and power, I am sure a comparison between that country and our own India will be instructive to the readers of this journal in many ways. While I was in England I often heard many English gentlemen who have been living in India for some time say to me:—"What is the use of you Indians coming to England? You come to our country and you are, of course, treated very well by us, and in many instances, made much of, and so you go home with a high notion of yourselves, and when you return home you find everything in your country utterly different from your experiences of England, and consequently take a dislike to everything connected with India and her people." It is true that there are some Indians whose lives have been completely spoiled by their visit to England—men who would have been far more useful had they never set their foot on English soil. I myself remember well having a conversation with one such Indian gentleman and during the conversation I heard him remark:—"Oh I wish I could stay here all my life instead of going back to India. What a gulf there is between our people and the people here, and I really don't know how I will manage to live there in the midst of people whose thoughts and ideas will be so jarring to my feelings." Yes, several I know return to India and live as if they were foreigners in the land without doing anything for the country or the people. But there are others who, to quote a friend of mine, "have borne testimony to the awakening effect of a near view of English institutions and of the wonders of Western civilization. Such men have returned to work in India with enlarged moral and intellectual ideas and feel that their journey has borne valuable fruit for their future lives."

It is true one who knows full well the vast gulf that separates India and England cannot help feeling very downcast when he sees India wanting in so many things that constitute a civilized country; but that is the very reason why men of intelligence and culture should labour unceasingly for the country, spend their lives in elevating and influencing their many ignorant countrymen, and try their best to bring about a state of things congenial to the tastes and inclinations of the few refined and cultured of our country.

India expects great things from her educated sons and daughters, and the whole civilized world also, which is watching the changes that are coming over the land, expects great things from them. Shall we be content to leave India as it is, or shall we go on and do all that is in our power to lift it to a higher level—to raise it to a position which it once occupied? Do we not know what India was once? It was once the chief centre of intellectual and religious activity in the world. It was from our country that the nations of the West obtained the seeds of knowledge, which in the Grecian and Roman soil produced a harvest now enjoyed by all Europe. What did not India once possess? Every branch of Science, Art and Philosophy

was cultivated when other countries were in comparative ignorance and darkness. What is it now? How fallen! Alas! Cruel changes have taken place. Years of subjection, nay, we may even say servitude, have sapped the strength of the nation, dwarfed its growth, and stripped us of all that was once grand and noble in us; and what once it possessed remains now a vast unfinished structure, parts almost obliterated, and parts in ruins, over which centuries of dust has accumulated. A glorious monument indeed but saddening in its effects.

India is now undergoing a rapid metamorphosis. Everything is giving way before Western civilization and influence. This cannot be helped. It is just as impossible to stop the waves of the sea as it is to prevent the changes that are coming over the country. India has very little of her old civilization left. But Providence has been very gracious to us. Who does not see the working of His eternal laws in the history of our country? Here are England and India knit together by an indissoluble bond. And this is the very thing India wanted—strength and support of a country able to raise it from the sad depths to which it has fallen. The same relation that exists between a father and child exists between England and India. There was a time when Europe had to learn from Asia, and it is now Asia's turn to sit at the feet of Europe. Now that India and England have been brought into so close a contact, is it not our duty to make the very best use of this happy union?

India is a continent compared to England. So far as the bounties of nature are concerned, our country is in every way superior to Great Britain. Our soil is richer in vegetable as well as in mineral wealth. Everything is on a grand scale here. English rivers are mere streams compared with ours, so grand and majestic. Their mountains are mere mole hills by the side of India's lofty heights. England in its physical aspects is not in any way to be compared to our country. But what nature has denied to that country, man's skill and industry have supplied. Turn where we may in England we see visibly the imprint and presence of man, the power by which he has transformed nature. England was only a rude foggy land, storm-beaten on all sides. Once the soil was poverty-stricken; moisture pervaded everything, and there were nothing but slushy moorelands and muddy rivers in this misty island. During the time of the conquest, Britain only consisted of wild deserted commons covered with furze and thorny plants. Now what is it? Green England and that expresses all. What a labour it has been to humanize this land of marsh and fogs! "In every country the body of man is rooted deep into the soil of nature," and this nation which has converted a rude, ungenial land into a paradise of comfort and plenty are the very people, pre-eminently adapted for endurance and enterprize; and with whom we are now so closely united. We should follow the example of the English in trying to enrich our country as much as possible. India's vast resources ought to be developed. If only the same amount of labour, which has been spent on English soil be spent on our own soil, our country would indeed be a paradise. We want something of their passion for work—their never-ceasing love of labour, manual and mechanical. England in the hands of any other nation would never have become a green island. If there is indeed one lesson we have to learn from England, it is that of giving greater prominence to manual and mechanical labour. Our English education has put into our heads false notions of gentility and we now despise manual labour of every kind. The son of a carpenter, for instance, if he learns to read and write English a little, is ashamed to follow his father's profession. Even a school boy is ashamed to lift a bench. He thinks it is not his duty but that of the peon who is paid for it to do such a menial task. We have still to learn the dignity of labour. Our foreign neighbours found it out long long ago and hence their country has become what it is now, the pride and glory of Europe. We are glad to notice that our country men have already found out their error; and everywhere we see them advocating the importance of technical education. Our Government also, which ought to have done more in the way of promoting industries in India, is only now adopting a new policy; but at the same time we ourselves can do much. The want of capital is a vain excuse. The backward state of trade in India is due not so much to the want of capital as to the want of co-operation. Now, in England some of the most flourishing trades are carried on by means of co-operation. We don't need men with large capitals to take to trading; but we do need the co-operation of the people, and they can, by contributing their mite, produce a larger capital than any single wealthy capitalist can afford to lay out. Unless there is this spirit of co-operation we are doomed to stay where we are. India will *ever* be a poor country. Mechanical labour constitutes the wealth and pride of England to such a degree that we know of peers who are engine drivers and famous mechanics. The English have found out centuries ago that any country in which manual, mechanical and industrial labour is despised, must remain sunk in poverty and wretchedness, until it begins to consider labour honorable and even sacred, and estimates indolence, mendicancy, and shabby gentility at their true value, namely, as curses of mankind.

If I was asked in what does English greatness lie, I would unhesitatingly reply in her unity. Nothing so much strikes a foreigner in England as the unity of that nation. The English are after all a handful in Europe, occupying a tiny island, and yet they are the most mighty nation on earth. It is union then that has given them this strength. Every Englishman feels that he belongs to a mighty race, the first in all the world. Talk to an ordinary cabman in London, he will tell you of the greatness of his country, give you a complete list of the great warriors of England, and grow eloquent over the victories won by Englishmen. It is not so much patriotism which is so conspicuous in them as the feeling that every Englishman forms an integral part of a mighty nation. It is this trait in them that so prominently strikes an Indian during his stay in England. This same quality, how much it is lacking in us? First of all, caste has broken up the nation into so many parts, each division almost alienated from the other, and, as if this were not enough, people of the same section seldom mingle with each other, so that when united effort of any kind is required in a public cause we seldom find two agreeing together. We have often been blamed for our selfishness, and it must be confessed that we, as a nation, compared with other nations of the West, are selfish, for in what other way can we account for this want of union and sympathy among us. If you were to go over to England and observe the spirit of unity and sympathy which actuates that nation, and then see the state of things in India you will agree with me in saying that we have still to learn to be less selfish. Of late a change for the better has come over us and we are just beginning to feel and think for our country. If India is to be improved at all, if she is ever to occupy a better position than she actually does at the present time, and take the right place in the scale of nations, it must be entirely owing to the sympathetic interest and zealous efforts of her educated and enlightened sons. A glorious future is in store for our father-land, and let us endeavour under a solemn sense of duty and responsibility, as well as loyalty to our God and country, to bring about this consummation. Let *nil desperandum* be our motto; and having for our object the welfare and progress of the land, let us do all that lies in our power to help on the millennial state of glory which may sooner or later dawn upon India.

One of the most attractive and lively features of English life is their home life. I have seen enough of English home life to warrant me in remarking that in it there is a beauty, purity and charm scarcely to be found in the home life of India. The English are essentially a home loving people.

In an English home the mother's influence is the strongest; she it is who reigns supreme, and it is the women who inspire and refine men. The wife is associated with the husband in everything. In England she is a person, alas! here in India with us she is only a thing. And again in England, the purity of home life stands out in striking contrast from Royalty downwards. The unity and cordiality which characterize English homes are equally noticeable. In certain Mohamedan families in India, the Zenana system is unnaturally so rigid that even brothers and sisters are not allowed freely to mix with each other and interchange their thoughts and feelings. In Hindu homes, though such rigour does not exist, yet all the members of a family do not mix freely together. In English homes no sight is so lovely as to see all the members of a household, both old and young, sitting round the fire-place, or at the dinner table, or in the drawing room, or round the family altar, and engaging in genial and pleasant conversation, or in the act of devotion. Such free and unfettered intercourse and interchanging of thought and feeling on the part of the members of the same family must be highly conducive, not only to the growth of knowledge, but also to the cultivation of all those feelings and sentiments which develop and nourish the life of the family. Each home is a kind of school or the parade ground where the daily life of each member passes as it were in review, and where the mind of the young is disciplined and their character formed. Any irregularity or defect in conduct or character is noticed and corrected at once, and nobility of sentiment or action applauded and encouraged.

At home and in society in England a lady occupies a sphere of prominence and influence. It is Buckle, I think who says that Europe would never have been civilised if the women had been left in the degraded condition which they are made to occupy in the East; and let us bear in mind clearly that unless we try to lift our women to a higher level India will remain in the same degraded state which she now occupies. Of course we need not go so far as some of those mad advocates of woman's rights in England whose object it is :—

> " To lift the woman's fall'n divinity
> Upon an even pedestal with man."

But let us at least raise her to the position which she once occupied in the Hindu home. Even Hindu authors once recognised woman's influence over man. Here is a quotation from the Mahabharata :—

> " Our love these sweetly speaking women gain ;
> When men are all alone, companions bright,
> In duty wise to judge and guide a right.
> Kind tender mothers in distress and pain.

The wife is half the man, his priceless friend ;
Of pleasure, virtue, wealth, his constant source.
A help and stay along his earthly course,
Through life unchanging, yea beyond its end."

Between the Hindu woman's present social position and that which she held in past ages, there is a great gap which would require mighty efforts to fill up, but her devotion, her fidelity and her purity have not left her and in the words of an English poet we may well say :—

"I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too.
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet record, promises to sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good,
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, tears and smiles."

We lose half the enjoyments of life because we have no enjoyments akin to those which the English enjoy in their homes. Perfect happiness can exist only where there is perfect equality, which implies perfect love. Such equality be it remembered is not inconsistent with that willing subordination a wise wife recognises as due to the man. Where there is that entire compatibility of temper, that full and complete understanding, which results from our looking upon her as our equal, there will never rise any question of master or mistress, superior or inferior. May I repeat the oft quoted passage in Tennyson's Princess :—

"The woman's cause is man's : they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed, or God like, bond or free.
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of nature, shares with man,
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands.
If she be small, slight natured, miserable,
How shall men grow ?"

This leads me to say a word about the most important social questions of this day—Infant Marriage and Enforced Widowhood. That the evils of these two deplorable social customs are many is acknowledged by all, and the great question which engages the attention of our educated countrymen is to how we are to set about to remedy these evils. As you are aware, there are two opinions on the subject ; one is that the people themselves should try their best to put a stop to these practices as much as possible. Another is that we should request the co-operation of the Government, as we ourselves are unable to uproot the customs which are so deeply rooted in our midst.

Mr. Malabari, who is strongly in favour of seeking Government co-operation in social matters, wrote :—"It is a healthy education which makes our graduates oppose legislative interference in social matters. But I have often explained in a variety of ways, and will do so now again for the last time, that I never have asked and never will ask for such interference. In fact it would be a suicidal policy for one in my position. The utmost I ask of the Government is friendly co-operation which it has offered in many a similar case. And that intelligent men cannot see the difference between co-operation and coercion, shows that their education is but an indifferent success for practical purposes. Here we are beset with enormous evils, and struggling for centuries (since Akbar's time at least) to shake them off. If, with our present enlightenment, we find an easy and effectual remedy, why should not we adopt it. And if we look upon the English Government as one friendly to the interests of our country, which I am inclined to think it is, notwithstanding its many drawbacks and failings, then gentlemen, there is no harm in asking for Government co-operation." It is my humble opinion that India by itself can seldom achieve anything. England and India must work together and it is to the interests of both the countries that they should rely on each other. It is not right on our part to look upon the English Government as utterly opposed to our interests ; there are times when the interests of England and India clash, but in the matter of social questions I think we can safely depend upon the disinterested help of the English Government. But at the same time let us not be too dependent on the Government and let us learn to work for ourselves without foreign aid.

Ruskin on Education.

By an Indian Lady.

RUSKIN'S sudden transition from the criticism of art to that of life is perplexing enough, if we do not understand his underlying motive in art criticism. "His social message is the direct outcome of his art teaching," says a critic. From the very first he realized art as a factor of life and as influencing religion and morals. It is this respect for life and individual freedom, which forms the stepping stone from his earlier writings

to his later. While studying the subject of architecture, he was brought face to face with the difficulties of the workman. He realized that, while he was preaching the necessity of beauty in every production of art, there was no beauty to be found in real life. He saw men hurrying on in the unwearying pursuit of wealth, heedless of the beauty around them, regardless of the sorrows and troubles of one another, uninfluenced by the sentiment of affection. He saw misery and dissatisfaction raging everywhere, yet no remedies provided. He says:—"I cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like, and the very light of the morning sun has become hateful to me, because of the misery I know of, and see signs of where I know not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly. Therefore I will endure it no longer quietly; but henceforward, with any few or many who will help, do my poor best to abate this misery." So, from the region of peace and beauty, from the contemplation of the ideal, he came down to rude realities and took up his mission work in right earnest. His first series of letters were met with such universal disapprobation, that Thackeray, who undertook to publish them, had to stop doing so, "Only a genius like Ruskin could have produced such hopeless rubbish," said a critic. Regardless of such adverse criticisms, Ruskin persevered, until he conquered. His doctrines, which a few years back were received with such hatred, are now being generally accepted.

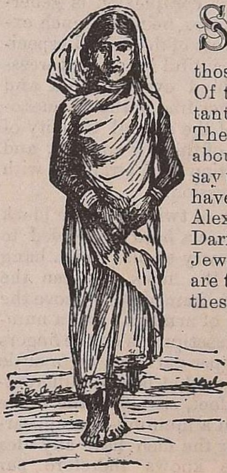
Ruskin strongly upholds the power of individuality in each person. He says the prosperity of a nation depends more upon the moral worth and character of each individual, his self-sacrifice and his liberality, rather than the aggregate usefulness of the state. To attain this individuality and to act as a remedy against the rapid growth of social and economic evil, he proposes education. But what is the meaning generally attached to the term? Some say that to read and write and cast accounts is education enough for a man to make his way in the world. Some say that a thorough classical training is the *summum bonum* of education, while others assert that the discipline which a scholastic training gives to the intellectual power is the end and aim of all institutions, while the most general motive for education in the minds of proud fathers and ambitious mothers is that it may enable their sons to adorn such and such a station in life. Such seems to be the aims of all modern education. But Ruskin's view is quite different. He says:—"Education, briefly, is the leading of human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them; and these two objects are always attainable together and by the same means: the training which makes men happiest in themselves, also makes them most serviceable to others. True education, then, has respect, first, to the ends which are proposed to man, or attainable by him; and, secondly, to the material of which man is made" ("Stones of Venice," Vol. III). But no two men are alike and hence with each man the system of education to be pursued will be different. All that true education can do is to fit the one to the other as well and as wisely as it may. The question of education for the lower classes is being moved everywhere. The lower classes themselves think that, if they are educated, they could transfer themselves to the upper classes. But the aim in educating the workman should be to make him "happy, busy, beneficent and effective to the world." Therefore Ruskin says that the first duty of a State is to see that every child born in the State should be properly fed, clothed and educated until it attains years of discretion, when it can look after itself. In the 10th letter, "Time and Tide," Ruskin lays down a few rules with regard to State Education. First, the state of the body should be made strong and healthful and perfect. Next, they should be taught the "—two mental graces," Reverence and Compassion. "Reverence, then, compassion, we are to teach primarily; and with these as the bond and guardian of them, truth of spirit and word, of thought and sight—Truth, earnest and passionate, sought for like a treasure, and kept like a crown." Lastly, after the general course of education has been given, particular attention should be paid to the technicalities of each child's profession, that is to say, it has to learn "the calling by which it is to live." As Ruskin says in one of his letters in the 'Fors,' "the first condition of education, the thing you are all crying out for, is being put to wholesome and useful work." Therefore, in the education of either the lower or upper classes it does not in the least signify how much the amount of knowledge is they possess, or whether they can construe classics and calculate figures, but it does matter much whether they know that which will just fit them for their own special work and make them feel happy and contented in it. A man who has thoroughly cultivated his mental, moral and physical capacities, and has learnt how to fit himself into his groove and knows how to be happy, is, according to Ruskin's views, truly educated. He thinks that when study and search after knowledge have a moral motive in them, they will be useful in making the individual assert his own individuality more and to use the power thus obtained for the general good. If we think less of the cultivation of the intellectual in education and more of perfecting the moral character, Ruskin thinks that the vehement pursuit of pleasure by the upper classes, the lively struggle for the accumulation of wealth and the advancement of self of the middle classes,

"the anxious scorn and comfortless discontent" of the working classes would be checked, and they will obtain something of that contentment which alone is the stepping stone to happiness.

"Mighty of heart, mighty of mind—'magnanimous'—to be this is indeed to be great in life; to become this increasingly is indeed to advance in life—in life itself—not in the trapping of it." ("Sesame and Lilies") To become this, you must befit yourself by moving with the gentle and cultured, and in company of the noble and inspired. In the world we feverishly long to meet distinguished men and gain an interview with them, while in the meantime there is a society continually open to every one of us, of "people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation—talk to us in the best words they can choose and of the thing nearest their hearts." ("Sesame and Lilies.") And this society we find in our musty libraries and in our bookshelves. But we never care to listen to a word they have to say because we are not educated enough to enter into their society. It is only when we make ourselves worthy by labour and perseverance that we shall be received by "the guardian of those Elysian gates." As Ruskin tells us in the 'Fors,' "Teach yourselves first to read with attention and to remember with affection what deserves both and nothing else." We must first enter into the thoughts of these great men and try to grasp their real meaning. Next we must approach them with sympathy and affection, and in response lay bare our hearts before them. "No book is serviceable until it has been read aud reread and loved and loved again," says Ruskin justly in his "Sesame and Lilies." We must make it our very own, so that we can turn to it for pleasure, for comfort and advice. He thinks that we do not read books enough, nor spend as much money on them as we ought. To remedy this evil and make literature popular, he suggests the idea of founding national libraries, which shall be accessible to all.

It is a well-known fact that education is generally given more to the upper classes, or in other words, to men and women, who have no necessity either to work for their livelihood or for the sake of pleasure. Hence we never think of associating skill in some useful labour with refined education. Ruskin again and again emphatically declares the importance of work and the sacredness of its calling: "We have certain work to do for our bread and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight and that is to be done heartily. Neither is to be done by halves and shifts, but with a will, and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all." Hence the first condition of work is that we must throw ourselves heart and soul into it; secondly, as he says in his *Fors*, "you are to do good work whether you live or die. It may be you will have to die:—men have died for their country often, yet doing her no good; be ready to die for her in doing her assured good." Good work is not to be accomplished for the sake of hire, or with a motive actuated by hatred or a desire for revenge. We often see that armies fight gallantly for the sake of their country or for love of their leader, but not for booty or self-aggrandisement. This gospel of work which Ruskin preached so zealously he had learnt from his master, Carlyle. In the "Crown of Wild Olive, he vehemently reiterates the sacredness of work; in one passage he says—"shoulder to shoulder, right hand to right hand, among yourselves, and no wrong hand to anybody else, and you'll win the world yet."

The wild tribes of the Nilgiris.



SOME of the most interesting of the aboriginal tribes of India are those inhabiting the Nilgiris. Of these, the most important is the Toda tribe. There are different opinions about who they are. Some say that their ancestors must have come to India with Alexander the Great or Darius; some think they are Jews; and some that they are the pure aborigines of these mountains. But they seem to be dying out at the present time, for, while originally they numbered several thousands, at present they only number some hundreds.

They are a tall, well-made race of people. This is how the author of a well-written pamphlet about them describes them:

"Generally above the common height, athletic, well made, with an open and expressive countenance, they form a very different race to all their neighbours. They care and think only of one thing in this world, *i.e.*, their buffaloes. All the beauties of nature have no attraction for them; they see the grass, forests, flowers and dew, but it all represents only so much cattle food, fuel and water. The Toda is merely a simple, thriftless and idle man, who will never, as long as he can help it, move more than abso-

lute circumstances force him to do. The people never cover their heads, whatever weather it be; the hair grows six or seven inches long; both hair and beard, which are never shaved, are of a jet black colour and very soft: the eyes are full and speaking: they have beautiful aquiline noses and fine white teeth. They are all of a cheerful disposition and good humoured. Some wear small earrings and a chain of silver round their neck. Their dress consists of a short under garment, folded round the waist fastened by a girdle, and of an upper one, a kind of mantle, which covers the whole body except the head, legs, and occasionally the right arm. The folds of the mantle terminate with the left shoulder, over which the bordered end is allowed to hang loosely: at night, and during the day, this is their only clothing. There is no protection for the feet or legs; they have no notion of weapons, but carry in their right hand a small rod or wand which serves them in the management of their herds.

"The stature of the women is proportionate to that of the men, but their complexion is generally some shades lighter, not being so much exposed to the weather. Most of them, and especially the younger have beautiful long black tresses which hang unrestrained over the neck and shoulders. They are rather free in their demeanour and know nothing of the menial timidity of the generality of the sex of the low country, and they enter into conversation with strangers with confidence and self-possession.

"They wear necklaces of twisted hair or black thread with here and there a bead suspended to them and bunches of cowry shells which hang down from the back of the neck, between the shoulders. On the arms, immediately above the elbow, they wear a pair of armlets, and a number of rings of various descriptions on the fingers and thumbs. Their upper garment or mantle resembles that of the men, but is worn differently, and, reaching to the feet, envelopes the whole frame, which gives them a mummy-like appearance. Neither they nor the men have any idea about cleanliness, one knows therefore *par vodeur* when a Toda is approaching."

The author of the pamphlet we have mentioned, Rev. Kofoed-Gregerson, also mentions several interesting facts about the Todas. It is curious to note that they have no village life. Each family lives separately in its home, called a "Mart." Their huts are round buildings about seven feet in height and twelve in length, with a short door at one end, but no windows. They are a pastoral people; but the only cattle they breed is buffaloes. From the rich milk of these they prepare butter, which they sell. The Todas have a great reverence for their buffaloes, which are often included in many religious ceremonies. In fact none but men, who have undergone some sort of purification, are allowed to milk them. It is interesting also to notice one curious custom of the Todas with regard to these animals. In the evening, when the herd comes home, they have a habit of paying homage to the floor by bringing up the open right hand to the head, with the thumb lying along the nose. It is only after this that the evening meal is partaken of and the family retires to rest.

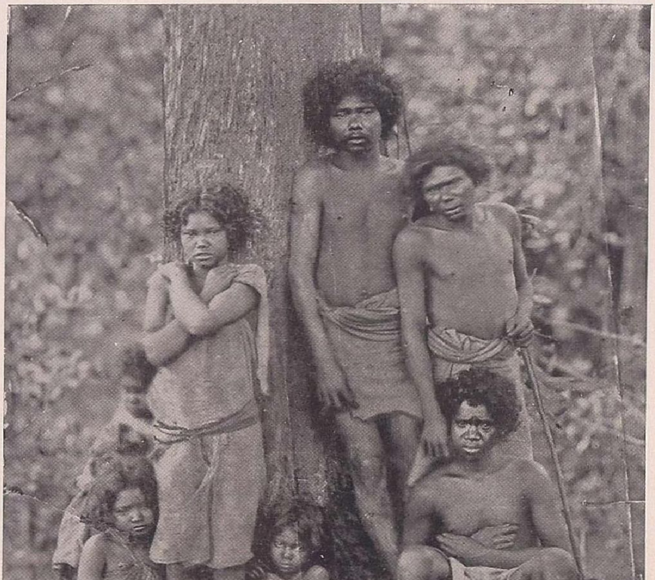
The Todas have several curious customs. Polyandry is practised by them, one woman being legally married to several husbands. Hence the status of the Toda woman is very curious. She is obliged to bow before her husbands. But practically they have no occupation, and do no work, but sit the whole day beautifying themselves. The custom of Polyandry reminds one of Draupadi, the heroine of the Mahabharata, who had the five Pandus for her husbands. She, also, like the Toda women, allowed her hair to hang on her shoulders, never doing it up, though this custom is ascribed to a vow taken by her for only a temporary period. Disgusting as the custom of Polyandry is, it is interesting to notice that Draupadi was held in the greatest respect, and was treated as a Queen by all. She was the mistress of the household, and all men bowed before her. But it is sad to notice that among the Todas, the girls are not held in much respect; they are never taken to the temple to be named, as the boys are, neither are the women allowed to enter the sanctuary.

One of the curious customs of the Todas is the way they name their children. The father alone takes the boy—for boy children only are given names—to the temple, stands inside in front of the door, makes the sacred salute by raising his hand to his forehead, then kneels down, and, exposing the child for the first time since it was born to the light, names it, pressing its forehead down to the ground. Then he recites a prayer: Be beneficent, may it be well with thy chickens, thy people, cattle, calves and everybody." The betrothal ceremony is also curious. The young man or his guardians negotiate the match; the dowry is made up in buffaloes, and when the bargain has been struck, the girl's father gives his formal consent by placing his foot on his son-in-law's head.

The funeral customs of the Todas deserve to be noticed. Revd. Gregerson gives a full description of them:—

"The Todas have two funerals, the green and the dry. The first takes place when the person dies. All the family and friends assemble and carry the deceased on a bier formed of green herbs, which the Todas think take away the sins. The corpse is dressed in a new garment,

TODA GIRLS.



THE CURUMBARS OF THE NILGIRIS.

having on all the ornaments the deceased used to wear in life; all chant and lament. Small sacks of grain, milk and butter are distributed; the pile is erected on high pillars. Before the cremation, the body is sprinkled with a little earth by the men of the village, who, doing so, salute the body reverently, lifting their knives to their foreheads. A near relative cuts off some locks of hair near the temples when the body is on the pile; the family then throw a lot of grain over it, and pour oil on the wood, that it may burn better. The person who cuts off the locks is the one who ignites the pile. The wood burns quickly, and all the friends and relations then go to their homes, as quietly as if nothing had happened. After the cremation is over, some water is thrown on the pile, and the relatives carefully search the ashes to find the skull of the cremated, which they take home, after having carefully wrapped it up in a white cloth.

The Dry funeral is celebrated a year after the death of a Toda. The women will carry the cloth in which the locks and skull of the deceased are kept and sing solemn dirges; they then carefully spread the mantle on the ground and seat themselves around it. A number of Todas will appear, and though it may be only a small portion of them who can show real sorrow, yet all before they sit down will approach the skull, and saluting it, will lament bitterly for the deceased. Forty men will then join hands, and dance round in measured terms to the music of the Kotar people. This over, the strongest of the men will proceed up the valley where the herd is grazing, and, selecting some of the animals, they will drive them with shouts of joyous exultation into an enclosed area, where the intended victims of sacrifice are kept; a bell is attached to the neck of each of the animals selected as an offering on this occasion. The buffaloes selected are monsters in size. Some of the young men throw themselves upon the neck of the animal, seize it by its horns and twist their bodies behind the beast, which tries to shake them off and gain the victory over its numerous and powerful opponents, who often get severely wounded by this wild animal. The dance will begin again, and a repast of boiled rice and clarified butter are served out on green leaves to all the guests; these funeral feasts are called 'Rodoos.' The bearing and masculine appearance of the men, the groups of women with their long locks of hair, the dance, the music and the wild buffalo fight is absolutely the most unique in the world.

The mantle with the relics is then brought out from the temple, and sprinkled with blood from the nostrils of the buffaloes tied up for sacrifice: the buffaloes are then addressed by the relatives as divine animals, beseeching them to use their intercession for blessings to be bestowed on their wives, their children and their herds, that they may enjoy health and freedom from misfortune. The buffaloes are now brought up before the relics and two milk-men kill them by striking them behind the horns with a woodcutter's axe. The instant the infuriated animal falls to the ground, its eyes, which a moment before were rolling and glaring with rage, immediately become glazed and motionless. It is then dragged still closer to the mantle so that the mouth and nostrils might rest on it. The Todas then sit down and face to face mourn and cry, young and old uniting in one universal lament."

The Todas have no definite religious customs. Their only temple is the sacred dairy. Each 'mart' has its own idol which is kept in one of the two apartments into which the dairy is divided. They salute the rising and setting sun with their hands to their heads, invoking its blessing. They believe that after death their souls go to Heaven, where they will enjoy great quantities of milk and butter. On the top of their temples, a stone called "Bratt" is kept, which is called the stone of truth, and before this they swear in cases of quarrel or doubt. When they pray, they lift the second finger of the righthand to their face. The only object they seem to worship is a bell, which is placed generally in the temple, and to which they offer libations of milk. They perform their sacrifices in holy groves called Teriris, of which there are about five. To each of these a priest, called *Palaul* and his attendant, Capilaul, are nominated. To each Teriri is attached a herd of milking buffaloes, part of which are sacred. From among these several animals, one is chosen as the most holy of the herd. The initiation of the priest is very interesting; Rev. Gregerson says:

"When a *Teriri* has been chosen for the office of priest, he throws off all his garments, as though by denuding himself he at the same time throws off all his worldly affections; he then proceeds to a forest and performs his austerities, seeking out a path not trodden before by man, near a stream unpolluted by human touch. He then feeds from some of the bark of the sacred Siwrtree and soaking it in water, compresses a liquid from it, of which he swallows a portion, and daubing himself over with the remainder, bathes in the stream. These rites he must perform three times a day; in the evening he eats a little parched grain and in the state of nudity lies down to rest exposed to every inclemency of the weather. On the eighth day of his purification, a black garment is brought him, in texture like the coarsest sack-cloth, four cubits in length and one and a half

in breadth which he fastens round his waist. He is now a holy man, all bow before him and call him '*Palaul.*' He is bound to live in celibacy."

Besides the Todas, there are other tribes on the Nilgiris, of which the largest is the Badagas. They are less in stature than the Todas; they have better houses; they breed also oxen. They seem to be inferior to the Todas, who have a sort of superiority over them and to whom they pay tribute. They also are greatly subservient to the Curumbars, another tribe, without the consent of whom they do nothing important. Some of the customs of the Badagas, especially the funeral ceremonies, resemble those of the Todas. They worship also the Sun.

The Erulars are another tribe and are very inferior to the Todas. The Kotars are another inferior tribe. The Curumbars are a wild race, living in miserable huts. They seem to be a remnant of a powerful nomadic people, and were once weavers, lime-sellers and traders by sea or land. Rev. Gregerson says that few tribes are more ugly than this tribe: "Swarthy and unwholesome in countenance, small of stature, the head but thinly covered with sickly looking hair, the only covering it has, little or no eye-lashes, small eyes which are always bloodshot and apparently inflamed, and water always running from their mouths, they form a very striking resemblance to that of a savage. The women and children have much the same squalid appearance. Round their necks they wear ornaments made of different sorts of wild seeds and berries; the men sometimes wear ornaments of straw in their ears, and they all look the picture of misery. They know of no marriage, but occasionally when two have been living together for some time, they enter into an agreement to remain united for life. The ceremony they then perform consists of pouring pails of water over each other, the couple sealing themselves together for this purpose, the ablution being, probably, the first voluntary one they have had and will ever have in their lives, the elder of the two getting the first pail of water. They put on new clothes and end the day in feasting and merriment. They give roots and what they otherwise cultivate in exchange for food and raiment, and, were it not for the position of superiority which they hold over the other tribes, they would simply starve. The fact is, that the Curumbars have a knowledge of herbs and medicinal roots, which the other tribes have not, and that the effects of these, when they have been judiciously applied, added to their great singularity of character, makes up the whole and true cause of the wonderment and dread which these people inspire."

Romances of the French Throne.

(*Pen and ink sketches of famous women*).

[By Madame Jean Delaire.]

Author of "A Dream of Fame," "Around a Distant Star," etc.

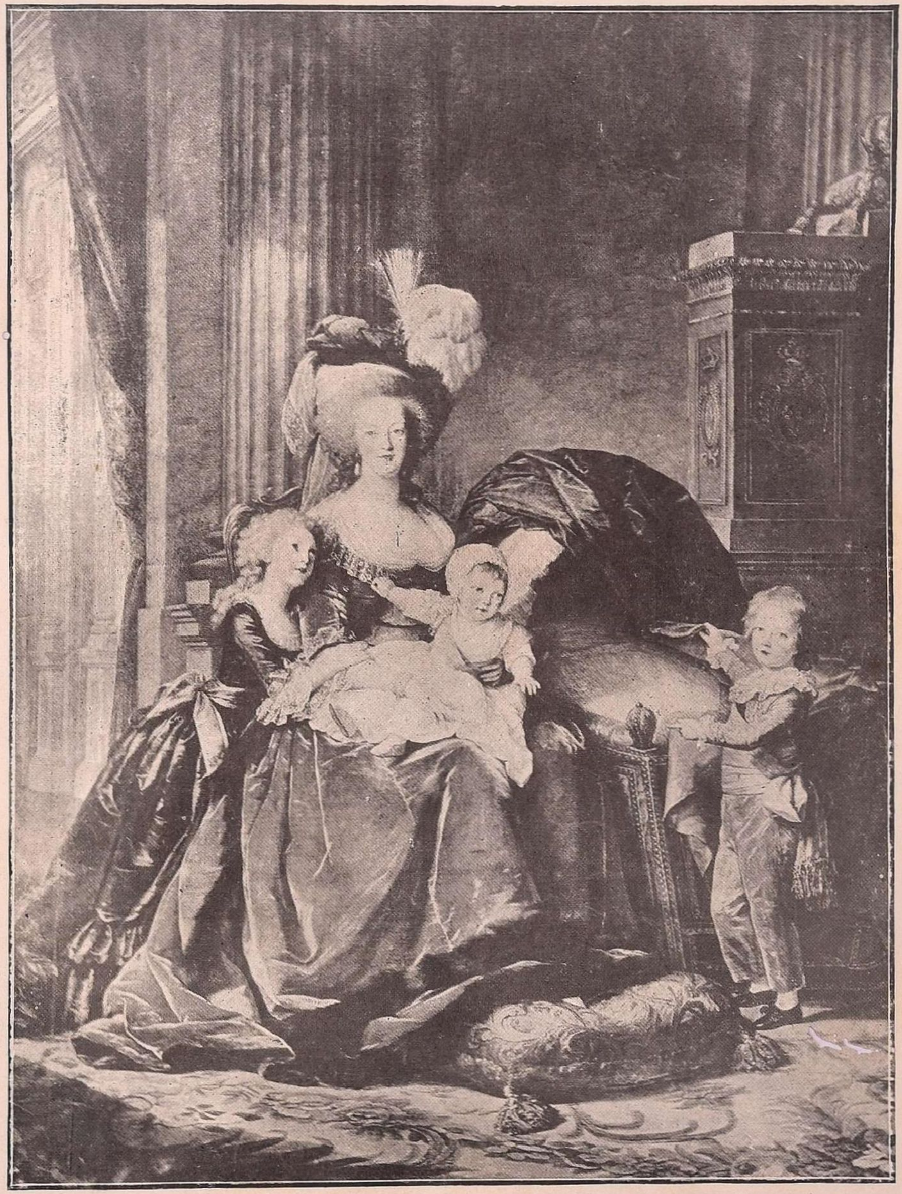
XI.—MOZART AND MARIE-ANTOINETTE.

GREAT excitement prevailed one evening in April of the year 1762 at the court of Maria-Theresa, Empress of Austria. Francis the First and his beautiful consort were then staying in their palace in Vienna, and a romantic story was noised abroad, of a child-prodigy whom the Emperor had met by chance in one of his country walks, during his recent visit to Bohemia—a fair-haired, delicate child in peasant garb who, although not more than six years of age, was said to play the pianoforte like one of the old masters, and to compose sonatas the most beautiful that had ever been heard in the land. This child was to make his debut that evening at the imperial palace, patronised by the Emperor himself; and every one favoured with an invitation to the court concert hastened to see the protege of Francis the First and Maria-Theresa the wonder-child, Wolfgang Mozart.

More interested and excited than anyone else at court was the young Arch-duchess, Marie-Antoinette, a child of seven, who perhaps after promising to be "very good,"—had been allowed to accompany her royal mother into the concert hall. But, child-like, she could not restrain her impatience to see the little musician who had come from a village in far Bohemia to play before the King; and some time before the opening of the concert, as the child Mozart, alone in the great hall, was running his fingers up and down the pianoforte, he was startled by seeing a lovely little girl, about his own age, standing close to the instrument, staring at him with awe-struck yet delighted curiosity.

"Oh, how well you do play!" the little girl murmured under her breath. "Are you the little Mozart of whom everyone has been talking these last three days?"

But "little Mozart," a country lad, who had hitherto seen nothing but sturdy Bohemian peasant women with red hands and coarse



MARIE-ANTOINETTE AND HER CHILDREN.

GANGABHISHMA.

A picture by Mr. Ravi Varma.

(See Editorial Note for story.)

With the kind permission of *The Men and Women of India.*

garments, was rendered speechless at the sight of his visitor's rare loveliness; indeed the young Arch-duchess, destined one day to be as famous for her beauty as for her tragic fate, must have presented a quaint, adorable picture of royal childhood as she stood there, flushed and happy, in her long, flowing robes of rich brocade, with treble rows of pearls encircling her baby-arms, and a huge diamond aigrette surmounting her elaborate coiffure, giving her, as to all the little maidens of her time, the appearance of a full-grown woman of diminutive stature.

For a minute or two the young musician gazed at the Arch-duchess in breathless silence, then at last he said,—slowly, and with his heart in every word—"Oh, how beautiful you are!"

"This is what everyone is always telling me," the little girl answered with a shrug and a smile, "but I don't care! Tell me, *are* you little Wolfgang Mozart?"

Perhaps the unconscious imperiousness of her tone, no less than her dazzling raiment, made the child Mozart think, for the first time, that his beautiful visitor might be a little personage of some importance in Court circles—perhaps one of the maids of honour of the young Arch-duchess—and he answered with sudden meekness: "Yes, Madame, I am Wolfgang Mozart"—little dreaming that this plebeian name would one day be deemed greater than the names of emperors and kings.

The two children, the one a bewildered little Bohemian peasant, genius-crowned, the other the descendant of all the Cesars—were still deep in conversation when the great hall began slowly to fill with the nobles and officers of the Emperor's household, and all the Court ladies in brilliant array; at last the Emperor himself entered the concert room, leading by the hand his beautiful consort, the world-famed Empress Maria-Theresa.

That evening—all witnesses are agreed on this point—Mozart played divinely well—played the better, perhaps, for the near presence of the lovely child who, disregarding royal etiquette, remained by his side as long as the performance lasted. When the sonata was ended, and the loud applause which greeted the last cadence had somewhat subsided, the Empress, delighted with the young musician's talent, beckoned him to the dais where she was sitting, and Mozart was about to obey her, when he slipped on the highly polished floor, and fell, rather heavily, almost at the foot of the throne. In a moment the beautiful little maiden was by his side, and as the lad rose hastily, red and trembling with confusion, she asked him in her softest voice "Have you hurt yourself, little friend?"

Overcome by this kindness, the child Mozart stared at her, for the second time that evening, in perfect silence, then at last, recovering his speech, and forgetful of everyone around them, said aloud: "You look more beautiful than ever! will you be my wife?"

The peal of laughter from the little princess was echoed by all the ladies close by and little Mozart suddenly remembered in whose presence he stood. Seeing his embarrassment, his newmade friend said, not unkindly:—

"It is impossible for me to marry you, Wolfgang, for you know you are only a poor little musician!"

With sudden prescience of the future, Mozart answered bravely: "I shall become a great one!"

And then his little friend said sweetly:—

"But I am Marie-Antoinette, Arch-duchess of Austria!"

Momentarily taken aback by this answer, little Mozart soon recovered his *aplomb*, however and amid the laughter of all the Court, exclaimed boldly:—"I do not care if you *are* the Arch-duchess: I will marry you all the same!"

Thirty years later—in 1791—Wolfgang Mozart was crowned in Vienna as king of the Musical world, and received, as a king should, the acclamations of all his loyal subjects. And *on that same day* the beautiful Arch-duchess Marie-Antoinette, then Queen of France and the consort of Louis XVI, was publicly insulted by a mad populace already thirsting for her blood; and two years later perished on the scaffold.

Marie-Antoinette's brilliant and tragic life is known to all:—her marriage, at the early age of sixteen, to the young Dauphin of France, soon to become King under the name of Louis XVI,—the few happy, thoughtless years spent in her own beautiful little palace of Trianon, far from the rigid etiquette which prevailed at the court of Versailles—her delight in all the simple pleasures of country life, in the toy village she caused to be built in the gardens of the *Petit Trianon*, where, dressed in simple white, she assumed the rôle of a miller's wife—her growing unpopularity with a people stirred to the heart by new ideas of the responsibilities of Kings and the rights of nations, who saw their Queen spending her days in innocent but childish amusements, and their King, who had no will but his wife's, following her to Trianon and playing the *meunier* to her *meuniere*—then,—the breaking out of the long threatening storm, the hatred excited by the Queen's action in appealing to Austria against France, and, the just anger of the nation turning to blind hatred and lust of blood, the beginning of the Queen's long martyrdom—the dark days in the prisons of the *Temple* and of the *Conciergerie*, the daily privations, suffering and humiliation,—the self-willed, frivolous Princess suddenly transformed

into an heroic woman who walked to the scaffold—alone,—amid the gibes and insults of a maddened populace......Who that has read French history has not lingered, fascinated, over those pages of bloodshed and heroism?

That abandoned woman, La Dubarry, who after the death of Madame de Pompadour, ruled the old King Louis XV, had been wont to say, in the face of the growing difficulties which surrounded the throne: "*Apres nous le déluge!*" And never words lightly or cynically spoken proved so tragically prophetic as those. The evil work begun by *Le Grand Monarque*, Louis XIV, by his love of war and conquest, and his fatal policy of religious intolerance, continued by that infamous king—Louis XV—and his mistresses, La Pompadour and La Dubarry, ended, as it was fated to end, in that most awful upheaval of modern times, known as the French revolution. Unfortunately, retribution overtook, not the guilty, but the innocent. Poor, weak-minded, kind-hearted Louis XVI paid with his blood the debt of his grandfather, Louis XV, while the beautiful daughter of the Cesars, Marie-Antoinette, Queen of France, was made to suffer a prolonged agony for the follies of Madame de Pompadour, and the vices of La Dubarry.

In those long days and nights of her imprisonment, did the ill-fated Queen ever let her thoughts wander back to her happy childhood, when, careless and gay as children should be, she chatted familiarly with the child Mozart in her father's palace at Vienna? Did she remember her merry laugh at the little musician's simplicity when, in the presence of all the court, he had boldly offered to marry the young Archduchess? Did she involuntarily compare her life as Queen of a great kingdom with the life that would have been hers as the companion of Wolfgang Mozart? To us, at least, who stand aside, and look back, sorrowfully, at this prostrate figure of a great Queen, it is a relief to linger for a while over this little-known incident of her childhood, and see her, sweetly simple, yet proud as befitted her rank, chatting with Mozart in a hall of the great imperial palace, neither child then aware of the two crowns that were awaiting them:—the royal crown of genius for the child Mozart, and for the beautiful Marie-Antoinette the crown of martyrdom.

Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Columns.

I.—"IN GOD'S OUT-OF-DOORS."

SOME people do not well know that God is out-of-doors, that He is to be found everywhere, in dusks and dawns, in twilights and noons, in doors and out, at toils and on holidays, where deserts are alone with the moonlight and when the sea can behold no shore. God is everywhere.

Who does not love the dawn in India? First, the sombre gray, then faint rays of light followed by bright red streaks, and all on a sudden the eastern sky becomes a glowing red followed by continual changes of colour. Then every thing becomes light. The birds sing aloud as if welcoming the sun. Every thing blooms freshly around us in the cool morning air.

Our road is skirted by trees in luxuriant colour. One side is the bright and cheerful Amultus with its wealth of golden flowers that hang like "laburnums dropping wells of fire," while before us is the Gold Mohur or Flame of the Forest, its flat spreading branches covered with vivid red flowers. There stands the neem in its green foliage, sprinkled over with tiny white blossoms. In the centre of a plain is the lordly banian with its many thick shoots hanging low all around, like sentinels guarding it from danger. We cannot go far without finding the peepul with its white trunk and branches. It stands straight up and throws out its roots as if to support itself against storm and wind.

Further on we see the silk cotton tree looking

as if it were dressed in white, with its snowy pods. In the summer time instead of white pods the tree is covered with scarlet blossoms. Far away in the distance the tall slender palm may be seen surmounted by its clump of long plumes.

Let us stop a little and listen to the birds as they fly about from tree to tree. The song of the bul-bul greets us, with the sweetest, most liquid of notes. If you hear another very sweet full whistle, just glance at the top-most branch of the tree you are under and then will be seen a little bird, the Dyal. It never tires of singing its sweet old song, nor are we ever weary of listening to it. One can never miss the "seven sisters" or babblers. Their chirp is by no means sweet, but we should miss their chattering from the chorus of summer sounds. Flying above are bright green parrots, and pigeons with their irridescent necks, and the blue jay with its stretched out wings, a mass of blue and purple colour. Doves coo softly and chats keep you lively with their chirpings. Nor would you escape the crow, whose caws you can never miss. Nothing daunts him from pursuing you. He never sulks or hides himself but flies boldly over your head and is always with you. Underneath a tree we see a pool and by its side the king-fisher darting down from its height for the little fish below, while away in the distance are the long legged storks flying over a stream or descending to walk leisurely by the side of it.

As we wander away from the busy town into the country we find new beauties. Rice-fields with their evenly divided beds lying in green squares, and little white fields of poppies nodding to each other. Here by the road-side an Indian baby is playing at gardening with bright coloured marigolds. We hear the tread of oxen lazily ploughing the land, and not far from us a large pool of water with cows feeding around it and buffaloes lazily basking themselves in the cool dirty water. By the side of the pool is an old ruined mosque, faded and overgrown with weeds and grasses. Perhaps there was once a garden here, for the air is fragrant with jessamine and white chambeli, and the blossoms of the Gul-a-chin with petals darkening into deep yellow towards the centre. Here is a chandni bush, covered with pure white flowers surrounded with dark green leaves. Creeping over and covering a tree above is the Bogan Villia with its flowers of rich red purple. Further away is the bignonia with its graceful orange coloured clusters. By the side of the road can be seen flowers of the hibiscus drooping gracefully amongst the leaves. The colour of the blossoms vary from a light salmon to rich red. On the surface of a tiny pond may be seen white and lightest pink lotus lilies with their wide spreading leaves covering the water.

But we find we are not alone gazing at these beauties of nature. Watching above are monkeys with their black faces and long tails, swinging from one branch to another, looking boldly at us and making an incessant chattering. On the side of a wall are lizards watching for their prey, and up and down the trees frisk the happy squirrels wearing on their backs the four black stripes left by Rama's fingers according to the pretty Indian legend. With such companions it is good to be out of doors.

But beautiful as is the dawn and the day, the twilight is even more lovely in its first flush of a purple evening, as the many coloured cloud banks become visible against the turquois sky line. Above are masses of snowy white clouds passing slowly overhead like icebergs seen afar. Each one has a new fleeting loveliness. God gives them one form and that only for a moment and then changes it to another. Overhead the crane and the wild duck are flocking back to their beds in the reeds. The faintest twitter of brids is heard as they finally go to roost. Gray monkeys, family by family, sit on the roadside. The evening star appears and between it and the earth-wheel fly huge fox-headed bats and night jars hawking for the feather winged moths. The buffaloes leave their water holes and the cattle lie down for the night. Then villagers in far away huts begin to sing and the village becomes studded with home lights. Then the moon-light fills the void between Heaven and us the trees fling their shadows on the ground, but then disappear as the moon sinks to rest. The lights disappear one by one, and the soft darkness rises out of the earth, fold upon fold, wrapping India and all its beauty till the dawn of another day.

RUBY.

II.—WOMAN'S LOOKS.

BY "SHAHINDA."

In these days of science and extended education, it would be a pity for any woman to be careless about the management of dress and toilet in general. In former days the women of the East looked upon cleanliness as a fetish and fully understood the value of the bath and the virtue of sweet-smelling unguents and ointments. We also now consider it the duty of every woman living in any society to look her best on all occasions.

No woman should be so conceited as to consider that nature has made her so beautiful, that she can afford to discard all aids of art and science. This is the highest form of vanity and foolish vanity at that. Health and cleanliness is a component of beauty, but there is something

very annoying, for instance, about a woman who, possessed by nature of a very good skin, lets it go to ruin through carelessness and a selfsatisfaction which gloats over the fact that she scrubs her face with the cheapest soaps and exposes it unnecessarily to the fierce rays of the sun, and considers the use of softening emolients and finely prepared powders hopelessly immoral.

The chief doctrine of beauty is cleanliness and one of the first objects of the complexion experts to-day is to keep the pores of the skin perfectly clean and healthy.

Then again a great deal depends upon the arrangement of hair, for beauty is enhanced or marred by the injudicious treatment of one of the most important factors of woman's charms.

And last but not least, let no one be foolish enough to adopt a perfume which is entirely antagonistic to one's surroundings. For instance, some Indian ladies have discarded the rich fascinating heavy "Attars" for European scents of the commonest and cheapest brand.

It is the knowledge of harmony in her surroundings, be it in the matter of dress, the use of scent, or the wearing of jewels, that marks the woman of innate refinement.

III.—THE ROSE.

MAN.

O! Teach me, happy flower-queen,
The way to live and die;
All people praise thee e'en unseen,
O! Tell me, tell me why.

Thy life is short, a single day,
Yet thou art loved by all:—
One day thou sport'st with Phœbus 'ray,
The next thy petals fall.

Though pricking thorns surround thy throne,
No mortal heeds the pain;
He plucks thee and in every tone
Thy praise bursts out amain.

Low murmuring bees from every flower,
Thy praises sweetly sing,
Till bush and blossom covered lower
With dulcet music ring.

For years I tried men's love to gain,
Yet now for love I sigh;
But men for thee their love retain,
O! Tell me, tell me why.

ROSE.

If learn thou wilt, O mortal! learn
Benevolence' blessed art;
Each selfish thought with firmness spurn—
Uproot it from thy heart.

I give the useful murmuring host
Sweet nectar from my breast;
A kindness done is never lost—
'Tis balm to hearts distrest.

When morning breezes softly blow,
I send my fragrance out
To cool grieved persons' burning brow,
That restless walk about.

Ah! Life's a dream and short the time,
Each mortal here can stay:
First childhood comes, then follow prime,
Old age, then dying day.

To every creature kindness show,
And cause none wilful pain,
And soothe the heart that's full of woe
By pouring comfort's rain.

Then grateful tongues will sing thy praise
And children lisp thy name;
Dumb creatures lift their grateful gaze
And thus thy deeds proclaim.

O! Blest am I, if thus I die,
When all my work is done,
Beloved by all, and Him on high,
But mourned not e'en by one.

KAMALA.

The little Peace-Maker.

AN INDIAN CHRISTIAN STORY.

(BY T. V. SUBRAHMANYAM).

CHRISTMAS Day, 190—, brought a unique present to the Rev. Samuel Gnanamritam.

The five-and-forty years that he had lived on God's earth since he had attained to years of discretion had been singularly uneventful, even for a native pastor in an upcountry station. There had been nothing to disturb the placid current of his life, save one incident which had occurred a couple of years before the time of this story and which he hoped was closed for ever. But, sometimes, he would wonder how John, who was such a level-headed young fellow in most matters, ever came to think of Rose as a prospective wife—Rose, too, the daughter of a person who gave him,—the Rev. Gnanamritam—mortal offence by belonging to a Mission, some of whose dogmas he considered as next-door to the heathenism from which he had been rescued. Though he was too good to harbour animosity against any one in the world, he could not help

feeling the Rev. Nehemiah Yesudasan as a thorn in his side and, being a narrow-minded man in Church matters, he could not bring himself to look upon his brother-pastor as a colleague in God's work. The shock that he experienced. therefore, was almost excruciating when his college-returned son apprised him of his wish to marry Rose Yesudasan, and prayed for his consent. Needless to say, it was emphatically refused. John, always an obedient son, seemed to acquiesce in his decision with a good grace. He had lost no time in obtaining a situation in a mercantile house in Madras, and Rose had been sent away by her father to some ailing old relative of his and could not cast her spell over John when he occasionally came home to see his parents. But, close upon the surprise and the shock caused by that disagreeable incident, came this Christmas present, the strangest of any that he had received in his life, a little child dressed in dainty clothes.

He could not believe his eyes, but there it was before him on the verandah, smiling at him with its deep black eyes and beckoning to him with its plump little fingers. His first feeling was one of stern indignation at the person who had dared to play this practical joke upon him, but when he remembered that it was Christmas morning, the day of peace and rejoicing, he quickly checked himself. Perhaps, it had been left at his door by some sinning woman who, unable to bear her shame, had deposited it there, feeling certain that he would take it up and nourish it, or, perhaps, it was some poor man's child, and had been thrown upon his charity. The wicker-basket which contained the little stranger reminded him of the ark of bulrushes which enclosed the infant Moses. He bent over the child tenderly and the sturdy youngster, pulling familiarly at his patriarchal beard as if he had known the old man all his little lifetime, clapped his hands gleefully and appealed to him with sundry gestures and winning looks to take him into his arms. But this the reverend gentleman cared not to do, as it was more than twenty-five years since he had handled a child. He gathered up the infant gingerly, basket and all, and carried him into the house.

"Susan, Susan," he cried, "I have brought you a Christmas present," and when his buxom wife bustled in, spectacled and with her hands full of work, he explained to her the story of his find. As he had anticipated, she crowed with delight: it was many,—many years since she had tended an infant, as it had not pleased God to give them a child of their own after John had grown up. He had no doubt given them the next best thing in the circumstances—so thought the simple soul. From that moment, the foundling entered into their joint lives; in a few days, the stranger had thoroughly established himself in their hearts. He seemed to be three months old and they lost no time in baptising him and they called him Nathaniel, or *God's gift.*

The Rev. Gnanamritam wrote to his son, who had not been able to go to his parents during Christmas and had written to say that he was kept busy in Madras what with one thing and another, telling him the story of the mysterious child, but the reply that he received was the third surprise in his life. His John, so affectionate and considerate always, whom he had never suspected of being unjust or uncharitable, actually hinted at their being taken in by some clever rascal and, strangest of all, called the innocent child, "little impostor," "artful creature" and half-a-dozen similar names. The old man's heart was filled with wrath against his child and he would not write to him; but Susan sent him a short letter full of gentle reproach, saying that Nathaniel was a perfect dear and John had only to see him to love him. Matters were not smoothened however, as the more John remonstrated with his parents, the more they clung to little Nathaniel. Meanwhile, the child grew rapidly, learned to lisp "grandma," "grandpa" and two score other words, walked, talked and cried lustily, and behaved generally as littie folks of his kind will. He was known everywhere, liked of everybody, and the old couple were inwardly glad that no one had come to claim him and take him away.

A year had elapsed since the stranger had come to the Pastor's house and another Christmas was coming. John had written to say that he would spend the festive week with his parents and that he hoped "a personal inspection of the infant prodigy" would bring him round to bear with him. The old people were, of course, glad to learn of their son's intended visit; but when he came, they found, to their great sorrow, that he had brought with him his prejudice against Nathaniel. The child took to John with surprising readiness, but John avoided caressing him with a studied brutality which pained his parents unspeakably.

It was the morning of Christmas Day and the Pastor and his small family were seated at breakfast. Restless Nathaniel got on to the table and upset a plate or two, and John, apparently furious, called him "a mischievous imp" and hauled him down from his eminence. The old man was aghast at John's cruelty and, holding up his hands in horror, "you do not know, John," he said, "how you wound me and your mother by treating the dear child so. I have long wished to correct you on this point, but I kept on putting it off, hoping that you might see

the error of your ways and change of yourself. Ah, but I have been disappointed in you sadly!"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed John, unabashed, "what a lot of sympathy is wasted by you two on this brat of a foundling!"

"John, John," said Susan holding up a reproachful finger, "town-life has indeed corrupted you. You debase your humanity and your goodness by talking of Nathaniel in that manner."

"But, mother, he may be the child of bad parents after all."

"Even if he were, are we the persons to think ill of him and ill-treat him for the sins of his father and his mother? John, I had hoped you would take to him."

"But, father, if he were the child of some one you do not like, would you not look upon him differently?"

"No, my son, not at all! you have misjudged me all these years if you thought I would. Were Nathaniel the child of my bitterest foe—God be praised, I have none,—I would not use one harsh word to him, for he has wound himself round my withered old heart."

A look of unspeakable love leapt into John's eyes and his whole manner changed. "Well, if that be the case, my dear parents, I have a story to tell you. I have been wishing to tell it to you for a long time—but the time has come just now and I pray you to listen to me. Once upon a time, there was a young man who, with all his heart and soul, loved a young woman, the prettiest, wisest, noblest girl he had ever met; but his father would not permit him to wed her, as he had some differences with her father. The young man remonstrated, but to no purpose, and he seemed to consent to give up his love for the sake of his father, though he had secretly made up his mind otherwise. Some days later, he got a good birth somewhere and left his father's home. Close upon his departure, his beloved—I shall call her Rose, for shortness,—left the place as well, ostensibly to minister to the wants of a distant aunt, but really to join the young man, marry him and keep house for him. The wedding took place; the bride's father officiated, but the bridegroom's parents knew naught of all this."

"Ah!" exclaimed the old couple together with a deep breath, as the truth began to dawn upon them.

"Then a child was born to the young pair," resumed John, "but Rose and her husband were not quite happy, for the young man yearned that his father should see his grandchild and take them all into his home. The cunning couple put their heads together and thought out a plan, whose success eventually exceeded their most hopeful expectations. What the scheme was you might have divined already."

"Yes, yes, go on!" cried the excited father. "The young man," continued John, "must, however admit that the idea was primarily his wife's and that the part he played began and ended with leaving the child at his father's door on Christmas morning. It only remained to make the old man cling to the child inseparably, and this was easily accomplished by Rose's husband pretending to hate the child and thus making his old father love it all the more. And now," said John, suddenly kneeling before his father and clasping his hands pleadingly, "the young man begs his father's pardon and prays him to bless his child, his wife and himself:"

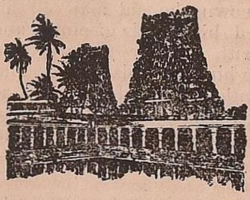
"Rise, my son, rise: The pardon and the blessing are given readily," said the old man in a voice tremulous with emotion, "I have been too harsh with you and Rose and I am much to blame."

"But where is Rose?" put in Susan.

"She is with her father. When breakfast is done, I shall go and fetch her."

Thus it was that the Christmas of 190—was the happiest that any of the characters of this story ever spent. The Rev. Samuel Gnanamritam and the Rev. Nehemiah Yesudasan clasped hands in good fellowship for the first time in their lives, and the archplotter Rose, whose sweet, round face was wreathed alternately in smiles and blushes, was formally installed in her father-in-law's home. As for Nathaniel, he was petted and fêted that day by his parents and grandparents in a manner, which inordinately increased his sense of self-importance and made him a domestic tyrant for several days.

Pongal Festival in a Village.



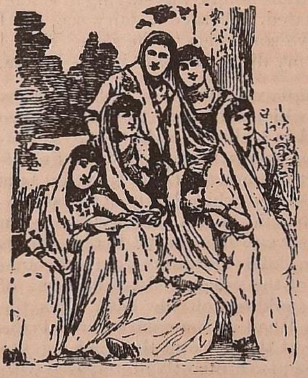
I AM sure it would interest my numerous readers to read a short account of my pleasure trip to a village. I started on an excursion during the Christmas holidays to a village M—a few miles distant from Poonamallee, a small military station. My main object for going there was to observe the manner in which the villagers celebrate their Pongal Festival. On a delicious cool morning, I left the Madras Railway station for that village. I reached that place in about five hours' time. The house engaged for me was fairly a big one, and was located in the heart of the Hindu quarters. The festival was to come off in about a couple

of days after my arrival. Grand preparations were already being made for that occasion by the rich folks as well as by the poor farmers. Great excitement prevailed among all, especially among the younger generation. The respectable people of that village had their houses cleaned and white-washed. The poor farmers had their huts mud-washed. The bazaar men began to decorate their little shops with mango and other leaves, and the small children were busy in making paper chains and flowers to decorate their respective houses. The chief ambition of both the sexes of the poor classes were to wear new clothes on that day. I heard the women talking together as to what saree (I mean by saree, not the grand laced cloths, but cheap coarse ones, either plain or figured) they should wear for that great occasion. They managed to save a small sum from their limited means with the main object of purchasing new clothes, that were to be worn then.

At last the Pongal day came. Early in the morning, at about 3-30 A.M., on that festival day (I was still in bed), I heard some men going from house-to-house waking up people by uttering some words. I could not hear distinctly what those words were. They were uttered in a sing-song way. These men resemble the Christmas waifs during the Christmas season. The people in the houses, as soon as they heard the words of these men, immediately woke up. They chatted loudly, as if they were greeting each other with good wishes. About 4 A. M., all the people in that village were busy in bathing themselves. I believe that two of the chief functions to be performed on that day were to bathe, and to put on new or clean clothes after their baths. Soon after baths, "*Palaharams*" (Indian cakes) were fried. The women folk of every house seemed very busy with this work. They seemed to me to be very anxious to give their respective husbands, their children, and the friends who visited them on that day, a good meal. Early in the morning a woman came out from every house and swept the front portion of it. She then sprinkled water on the swept portion, and marked artistically with chalk-powder the centre portion of the ground that was watered. This artistic marking called forth my admiration. These women were uncultured and had received no training from the School of Arts! This plainly proves that the Indian women, uneducated though they may be, have yet in them some artistic tastes. In the centre of this chalk-marking, they placed a clay ball with a yellow flower in it. It was very pleasant to see the front portion of each house so marked and a yellow flower placed in the centre of this artistic drawing. Soon after "*Chota Hazree,*" the brahmin men of that village went together to the tank to make *puja* and to offer their prayers. Just as the brahmins finished saying their prayers, the non-brahmins went to the other side of the tank to do the same. I was given to understand that these two sects occupied two different parts of the tank to worship their respective gods and to say prayers to them. The women folks during their husbands' absence were busy in cleansing their brass vessels. Soon after this work, some of them with their well-cleaned vessels went to the wells to draw water, others again to bazaars to purchase the necessary things for the day, while others again remained at home to have everything ready for the preparation of a good and grand breakfast. After this the villagers called on each other, and I saw them walking along the streets briskly with their new clothes on. After five in the evening all the people returned to their houses. They appeared to me quite tired and downcast. A reaction had set in, and they looked as if they were sorry for their Pongal festival coming to an end so soon. All their excitement came to a close. I saw some of the people seated quietly in their houses, hardly talking to the inmates of the house. Such was the way the villagers of this village celebrated their great festival, and I would advise my readers to do as I have done, if they have not already done so. For, it is indeed a pleasure to observe the manner of celebration of a festival by villagers. They are so simple and hearty, and I really enjoyed my short stay.

Italian and Swiss Scenery.

By an Indian Visitor.



THE line from Milan to Como runs through a pretty part of Lombardy, *via* Padua and Verona, known to all readers of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. Nearing Como the scenery was really grand. I noticed everywhere towns and hamlets nestling with their clustering roofs and

towers among trees on steep hill sides, or on the banks of pebbly streams surrounded by luxuriant vegetation. The forests are covered with chestnut and walnut trees, interspersed with the olive. The trees in Italy do not seem to reach the gigantic heights they do in India, but they are leafy and their dark luxuriant green produces a beautiful effect on the landscape. From the train I was pointed out by my fellow travellers one of the palaces of the Italian King, situated in the midst of terraced gardens by the side of which flowed a cool stream. The lake is 32 miles long and is surrounded, except on the south, by mountains running down from the Alps. It is 1,800 ft. in depth and from two to three miles in width. It resembles the letter Y. I went up the lake in a steamboat to a pretty little village called Cernobbie and had a fine view of the lake,—which some regard as the most picturesquely situated of all the lakes in the Alps,—from different points. The scenery resembles to some extent that of the Rhine between Mayence and Cologne. In the evening, while the twilight was still on, I went up a steep hill (Bruneto) in a tram-car which was worked by steam. The hill is about 1,500 ft. high and the sensation of going up, in almost a perpendicular direction, was indeed very novel. The tram-car goes up and down every half hour, and as, at the top of the hill, there is a fashionable hotel and a number of houses, and, moreover, as a splendid view of the lake and town of Como could be had from the top, the car, which had sitting accommodation for 25 persons, was full each time, going up and down. How beautiful the lake looked spread out in all directions, with the clear crimson sky overhead, the Alps standing sentinel in majestic grandeur all around, and the town of Como with its crowded white buildings edged in between two rows of steep hills! It was almost dark when I came down and the Piazza, in which the hotel I was staying in (Hotel d' Italie) is situated, appeared a fairy scene. I wish I could give some idea of the scene that I saw as I sat at my dinner outside in the Piazza.

The great square is lit up in splendour by electric lights, which falling on the dark green trees that stand in a clump in the centre and also in single rows everywhere produces a fine effect; on the lift is an arm of the beautiful lake reflecting the red and white lights of the steamers and boats that lie in graceful indolence on its waters. The weird light in the Piazza brings out vividly the lofty buildings that surround the three sides of the square. Just in front of me, behind the buildings on the east, rises the high hill, which I had an hour ago ascended; the hotel at the top of the hill and the track of the tramway line are also brilliantly illuminated with the electric light. A large Military band consisting of 70 men, with a gorgeous uniform on, is discoursing, a few yards in front of me, lovely music as only an Italian band can. I notice at least a dozen brightly illuminated restaurants, with tables laid out all in the open air, round which are seated gaily dressed men and women taking their ices or sipping beer. And the square is thronged with a motley crowd of spectators: Italians, Germans, Swiss, French, with a good sprinkling of Americans and English,—lovely women dressed in the most fashionable style, soldiers in uniforms of the most gorgeous kinds, working men, children of ages—all are here promenading the square, and listening to the exquisite music;—and over it all the moon sheds its soft radiance. I have seen similar scenes, even on a grander scale, in the great Piazza di San Marco at Venice, but here there was the additional charm of the lovely lake and the majestic hills.

With the help of one of the hotel servants, I was able to see a good deal of the town. There are statues of Volta and Garibaldi, both of whom had close connections with the town. Como is also the birth-place of Pliny the Younger and Popes Clement XIII and Innocent X. There is a cathedral at Como, which I found extremely interesting though the guide books do not say much about it. This marble-fitted church with its rich architecture, its quaint old paintings, and highly-decorated glass windows, quite took my fancy. As a rule these Roman Catholic churches are very gloomy, the windows in these edifices are all placed at the top and as most of them are coloured they only let in a "dim religious light;" but this church, I thought, was unusually bright.

It is with some regret that I left Como with its beautiful lake and mountains, but I was eagerly looking forward to seeing the grand Alpine scenery on my way from Como to Lucerne in Switzerland, which was my next destination, and so did not much mind my short stay at Como. I had formed great expectations of the Alpine route from Italy to Switzerland, which takes one through the famous St. Gothard Pass, and I was not disappointed in the least. My journey was made doubly pleasant owing to pleasant companions I had, who were eager to enlighten me regarding all the places of interest on my route to Switzerland, which has been well described by an American poet as "a cluster of delights and grandeurs." At Chiasso, the station next to Como, we had to bid adieu to lovely Italy and enter Swiss territory. After leaving Chiasso, the train passes through a charming bit of country and we have very fine views of the lakes of Menaggio, and Lugano, both Italian lakes. Lugano, the more important of the two lakes, is like Lake Lucerne in

shape, and consists of a union of gulfs, called by different names. The Lugano side of the lake is Swiss, part of its opposite shore being Italian. After passing Lugano we soon come in sight of regular Swiss scenery. The different spurs of the Alps rise in all their majestic grandeur on all sides, and as we rise gradually higher and higher we have a magnificent view, from the train, of genuine Swiss mountain scenery, which a native of India is naturally tempted to contrast with the ghaut scenery of his own country. India, of course, carries the palm with regard to wildness of scenery. The mountains are of gigantic height, the woods contain trees of immense growth, compared to which the Alpine pines and firs are mere shrubs, and then the rushing torrents from the mountain tops that help to form gigantic rivers on the plains,—all these are different from what we see in Switzerland; but then there is a greater variety in the scenery of Switzerland, and it is all the more pleasing on account of its homeliness as compared with Indian scenery. We passed any number of tunnels cut right through the mountains, and it is indeed a marvellous piece of engineering skill that is displayed at St. Gothard Pass, where the train winds and winds through long tunnels cut through gigantic rocks; and as you ascend higher and higher you look right down upon the very path you have a few moments ago passed through.

It is at Airolo, a pretty little station 3,800 ft. above sea-level, that St. Gothard Pass commences. St. Gothard Pass itself is 6,900 feet above sea and the ridge through which a well-laid out road winds is 8,700 ft. to 11,000 ft. high. The tunnel through which the train passes, and which was cut in 1872—80, is $9\frac{3}{4}$ miles long, having its north end 3,600 ft. above sea and its south end at Airolo 3,700 ft. above sea. About 50 other tunnels and numerous short bridges wind in and out the Reuss and down the Ticino, which lower down make up the majestic Rhine. On a previous occasion I had the privilege of psssing through the Mont Cenis pass, but St. Gothard's is indeed infinitely grander. The pass of St. Gothard is one of the oldest and most frequented of all those across the Alps. Originally, like many other present passes, it was only a bridle-path, creeping up here and there as nature favoured the ascent, now skirting the shoulder of a mountain, now pushing its way in between two rocks, and making some advance up a water-course, now climbing a slope diagonally in steps as steep as stairs, and twice as rough. At the present time the macadamised road as well as the marvellously constructed railway line are perfectly safe. Of course such works could not be constructed without enormous expense. Bridges had to be built, huge mountains bored, rocks blasted,—sometimes so steep that workmen had to be let down from the top by ropes, before they could bore the holes for the blasting powder,—channels had to be cut here and there and covered in, that falling avalanches might slip harmlessly over the traveller's head. All this has been done at a tremendous cost, and there it remains, the Gothard railway line, as one of the most striking monuments of Swiss industry. What a variety of delicious sights meets the traveller to be sure as the train shrieks along over hills and valleys. Now he passes through two ranges of steep hills, at another moment he finds the railway train winding round a steep mountain, on one side a majestic hill, on another a deep valley with pretty Swiss villages nestling among orchards and groves. Hark! there is the shrill sound of the whistle. We are entering a long tunnel. All is dark and we have to put up all the windows to protect the eyes from the metallic dust produced by the frequent use of the brake. We emerge into daylight again and the scene has changed. A rushing, roaring waterfall is seen on the right, descending from some dizzy height, and a little further on a dashing river is trying to keep pace with the train; and then the lovely mists and the sun play on the mountain tops and weave fairy pictures. We are nearing the highest point now and lo! a new sight bursts upon us. We see the tops of the mountains that had hitherto been covered with verdure, now all white. It is snow that is lying on these mountain tops and reflecting the glory of the sun. In winter the effect must be thrilling. St. Gothard Pass is also full of historical interest. It has been the scene of strange changes in the past. Through it many of the barbarian hordes poured down upon the plains of Italy, when Rome declined. It was here that French, Austrian and Prussian armies fought in 1799, scrambling, tumbling, from cleft to cleft, and rock to rock.

Before reaching the town of Lucerne, we came in sight of the beautiful lake by the same name at Fluellin, where many got out and travelled by steamer to Lucerne. I could have done the same, but I was too tired to change and so travelled all the distance by train. Moreover the train winds round the shores of the lake and I had glimpses of it from various points of view. I spent a day at Lucerne, but I saw enough to have an idea of the beautiful Swiss lake and its surroundings. The place was overrun with American and English visitors, who seem to be the chief supporters of the grand continental hotels. It is not possible to compare the beauties of Lake Como and Lake Lucerne; each has a beauty of its own. Lucerne which is 23 miles long with a maximum depth of 700 ft. is supposed to be surrounded by the grandest mountain sce-

nery in all Switzerland. Some of the forest-clad mountains, such as Burganberg, rise abruptly from the water, their summits commanding a singularly beautiful view of the four arms of the lake. Rigi and Pilatus, on opposite sides of the lake, are also striking mountain heights, the former clothed with forests and green turf on the top, and covered with gardens, fruit trees and houses on its lower slopes, whilst the latter is comparatively barren and rugged. The beautiful banks of the lake are full of historical associations connected with that romantic personality, William Tell. The town also is of considerable importance, as it is the capital of the Canton of Lucerne. It contains several first-class hotels, surrounded by large parks with fine views of lake and mountain. In memory of the Swiss guards, who fought at Paris in 1792, there is the wonderful wounded colossal Lion from a model by Thorwaldon, which no tourist fails to see. I spent a pleasant hour in a quiet cafe just on the edge of the lake, which had a beautifully laid out garden.

Deep-Breathing for Women.

THE question of deep-breathing has risen above the level of a 'fad.' Such is the current opinion of the world. And still how many of us practise it?

It is no exaggeration to say that not even one in a hundred breathes correctly. Woman, more than man, does not breathe properly. The truth of this statement is quite on the surface. The "civilized" girl or lady of to-day probably wears a corset or practises tight-lacing. The entire breathing apparatus is thus compressed, the ribs are deformed, and the muscles of the abdomen get no free play. The result must be poor breathing and, in consequence, poor blood and poor health. Sooner or later, such a woman unwillingly becomes a victim to insomnia, anœmia, indigestion, constipation, and a host of nervous and functional disorders. She looks up for "cures" and "remedies" in the Advertisement columns of her papers and magazines. She tries one pill after another till she gets tired of nostrums; what should she do for her 'break-down'?

By all means, let her take to deep-breathiug in right earnest, practise it in health and disease. This is not an expert's advice; it comes from a mere learner. One may ask, 'Pray, what will deep-breathing do for me?' My answer is that it will do for you what it has done for me and many others, who have realised the value and importance of the beneficial art of deep-breathing.

Full, rhythmical breathing is by far the best preventive of disease and illness, better than any physic. Nay, it is almost essential for the restoration and maintenance of *perfect* health. With each inward breath we take in oxygen from the air. This is greedily absorbed by the veinous blood (forced into the lungs), which, at the same time, gives off impurities in the form of carbonic-acid gas, water, vapour, and other waste products, that escape with each breath exhaled. Thus the deeper the respiration, the more the amount of vitalizing ozygen inhaled and the greater the richness of the blood.

Better breathing has other values and advantages. It develops the lung-capacity and strengthens the action of the heart. It exercises 'from pressure and massage by pressure, the digestive organs, and has a good effect on other organs as well......For that huge muscle diaphragm serves as the floor of the heart and lungs and the ceiling of the stomach; on the storey below are the stomach, liver and spleen; below them are the intestines; and behind are the kidneys.'

Deep-breathing tends to give tone and energy to the system. It improves the appearance; the skin becomes clear and the complexion rosy. The nerves are strengthened; the perceptions are refined. Deep, regular breathing also helps voice-production—the voice growing clearer, rounder, and sweeter.

Now, how to set about deep-breathing? On this point I can give only a few hints that I have myself found useful. For fuller information, reference should be made to some text-book by a standard author containing expert advice on breathing exercises. Such an one is by Mr. Eustace Miles, M.A.,—an acknowledged authority on Physical and Mental Training, (published by Grace and Plowden, Amen Corner, London.)

One may practise deep-breathing standing or sitting or lying on the back—in short, in any easy and comfortable position. The muscles must be relaxed, so as to be limp and the arms should hang down loosely by the side. Lateral straightness of the spine must be insisted upon, as it is considered essential to sound brain-work. All clothing should be perfectly loose, that there may be no restriction to the free expansion of the lungs and other organs.

Personally, I like a standing position with the chest held forward and the shoulders thrown back. In such a posture, just take in a full, deep breath beginning with the expansion of the abdomen and carrying it upwards to the top of the chest. Then exhale slowly but completely, always guarding against forcing the breath out.

Practise this exercise in the open-air at rising and before going to bed from five to fifteen minutes at a time.

Delicate people experience an unpleasant feeling after a few deep breaths. But they should persist and all inconveniences will be removed in a short time. Do not think of your breathing exercises as something disagreeable, or as a duty that ought to be performed, but let them be pleasures; enjoy them, make play of them, get fun out of them, and set your minds upon expected results. Then for every added beauty of strength and touch of colour, rejoice and joy in getting more.

When the preliminary exercise has become familiar, it is well to hold the breath for a few seconds before it is exhaled. The period of retaining the breath in the chest-box may be suitably increased from two or three seconds to even a minute or two. But it won't do to hurry on; for then the strain on the nerves would be too much to bear.

As I have already said, I do not propose to lay down a set of formal exercises for practice; I only wish to draw attention to the importance of correct breathing. I have given the above exercise in the hope of convincing you of what is justly claimed on behalf of deep-breathing. A week's careful practice will enable you to test the truth of this statement.

Make deep-breathing habitual; let it become a second nature. Mr. W. Irving Hancock, who has written so much on the Japanese methods of physical exercise, tells us how women in Japan make a point of taking in deep draughts of fresh air. 'The Japanese woman is a deep breather. The Japanese look upon full deep-breathing as being the most vital force in life. *Food is not as important although necessary.*'

B. G.

Have Hindus Homes?

THIS somewhat startling question may come upon many as a surprise. Nevertheless it ought to be well considered now, when the Hindu society is undergoing many visible transformations. True it is that we all have houses, but we doubt much whether we have homes. Our forefathers might have had homes when they first came from distant regions and settled in this pleasant and smiling land of Bharatavarsha. Their social environments were not as stiff and rigid as they are now. Our ancestors were happy; their social life was all that could be desired. Look at their social life and ours of to-day! Lo, what a fall is here! During the middle ages, owing to some inexplicable reasons, a change for the worse happened and society suffered much. A new code of customs—quite repugnant to us who have had the good fortune of drinking deep at the fountain of western knowledge—was promulgated. Is it not a law of nature that every society should go on making rapid strides in the path of advancement and enlightenment, as time rolls on? Does this law work well in our country? We, instead of moving forward, are moving backward in social matters. The Hindu society has degenerated; with its degeneration many evils have sprung up. These evils are the plague spots in our national life and every educated Hindu is aware of this. It is the educated Hindu who suffers much from these supposed-to-be incurable social evils. But many good and true reformers have zealously come forward to remodel the society which is now bending under the weight of hoary custom and superstition. To improve socially and to enjoy social life, our homes should be happy. In order that our homes should be happy, our women should be free and enlightened. Hence I deem it good and appropriate to consider whether *we have homes or only houses.*

What makes a home? Love, brotherly affection, and sisterly sympathy. Lord Avebury says, "A home without love is no more a home than a body without a soul is a man." Have we all these precious qualities in our homes? (I should say houses.) Is the flame of sweetened love shining in our houses? Does it send forth its refreshing rays to illumine every part of our houses? How can we speak of love in our houses when the cruel custom of infant marriage prevails among us? How can we speak of love when the heart-rending wail of that wonderful product of the Indian soil—I refer to the virgin widow—is heard in our houses? How can we speak of love when mothers-in-law, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law quarrel with one another in our houses? How can we speak of love among us when husband and wife cannot meet and speak to one another? Many more questions of this sort may be asked; but why pile questions over questions when it is in the power of every educated Hindu to lead a crusade against the citadel of *Custom* and *Orthodoxy*, to demolish and overthrow it?

To return to our subject. It is love that brightens up every home; brotherly feeling and sisterly sympathy go to supplement it. The funny freaks of little boys and the little frolics of maids play a great part in the making up of a home. Have we among us such children as Jack, Jill and Jane of the English Home? All playful, active and

bounding with joy. Curiously enough we unite our children in wedlock at a time when they ought to spend their time in play. Hear what that sage of Oxford, Prof. Max Müller says regarding our infant marriage. Says he, "I have never doubted that early marriage is the greatest impediment in the natural development of a woman's character, and I am equally certain that your stunted wives and mothers are the chief causes of the slow, very slow social progress in India. You have made a rapid progress in everything else, but you do not know yet what light *an educated, healthy and thoughtful wife can spread over every home, whether rich or poor.* You deprive your children of the happiest time of their lives, or at all events you shorten that period, the happiest in an English girl's life without any rhyme or reason." Good words and true!

The secret of woman's influence is not known to us. Buckle, in his 'History of Civilization' remarks that Europe would never have been civilized if woman had been left in her old degraded station in life. It is to her influence that man owes his refinement and delicacy of thought. According to this historical analogy, is there any hope of India prospering when her women are still left in their old degraded station in life? The young educated men of India ought to learn the secret of woman's influence. In our country, woman has fallen from her ancient pedestal. Have we among us now such gems of India's vanished womanhood as Sita and Savitri, Chandramati and Damayanti, ever the helpers of man and ministering angels to him. Woman's love is precious.

> "The treasures of the deep are not so precious,
> As are the comforts of a man,
> Locked up in woman's love."

An enlightened woman's love may be said to be a panacea for all the earthly calamities that befall a man. Man owes much to woman. It is impossible in the short compass of an article to enumerate all that man owes to woman in general. It is the woman who makes the sunshine of a home, who heals the wounded spirit of man and who encourages him in times of distress and fills his afflicted mind with happy hopes. Happy is the country whose women are enlightened.

Edmund Burke often exclaimed, "Every care vanishes the moment I enter under my roof." How many of us can exclaim likewise? The moment a Hindu enters his house, what does he hear? His cares do not vanish, but increase three-fold or even four-fold. Soon as he enters the threshold of his house, he hears a quarrel between his wife and son-in-law or between his mother and his wife. Alas, for the educated Hindu! The home, which is a source of peace and love to man everywhere, is here to him a source of pain, misery, sorrow and shame. He finds no happiness in his home. If he finds pleasure and happiness anywhere, it will be in some Clubs or Reading Rooms. Alas! alas, for the sons of India!

The root of all this evil and misery and unhappiness is to be found in woman's ignorance. When shall this darkness of ignorance leave our houses? When shall the light of knowledge and reason take its place and illumine our houses and transform them into happy homes? The answer to these questions mainly rests with the rising sons and daughters of India. When the diffusion of female education takes place, its beneficent results will filter down to the masses. Only after the enlightenment of our women, we can speak of social life and happy homes. Before that it would be the height of folly to speak of Hindu homes. If ever we wish to enjoy a lengthened life of peace and love and years of joy for hours of sorrow, we should 'lift the woman's fallen divinity.' For woman is 'Heaven's last, best gift to man.'

A. Vaidyanathan.

Editorial Notes.

The New Volume of the 'Indian Ladies' Magazine.'

It is with a sense of pleasure that we announce to our readers the beginning of the sixth volume of the Magazine with this number. That the magazine has lived, in a fairly vigorous condition, for five years, is due essentially to the great help we have been receiving from many ladies and gentlemen, especially ladies, both Indian and English. We heartily thank them for their help, and, as before, we earnestly hope that this help will be continued and increased. The main object of the magazine is to help advance the cause of the women of India. Whether we have succeeded in doing this is a matter for doubt, fully conscious, as we are, of the imperfections of the venture. One of the matters for complaint in India is, that the women have no education. The conditions are without doubt much improved at the present time; but a great deal still has to be done. The *Indian Ladies' Magazine* is a humble effort in this direction. There is much to be done in it, much to be im-

proved; much to be added, much to be left out. We beg to offer our sincere thanks to our readers and helpers for the kind assistance and the cordial sympathy they have given us. And, in conclusion, we ask for suggestions to make the magazine more useful. They will be most heartily welcomed and we shall try our best to give effect to them.

Two pictures by Mr. Ravi Varma.

We publish in this issue, in addition to Ravi Varma's beautiful picture of Malati, who is a character in a Sanskrit drama, another picture by the same talented artist, the story of which is interesting. This is the story of Gangabhishma.

A King of the solar race, who had attained Heaven, happened to fall in love with the charming Ganga whose mind was also moved by the sight of the King. Brahma was so much enraged at this strange occurrence, that he cursed them both to go down to the earth and live as husband and wife. The saintly King thus sent down to relive the life of man was born as Santanu. One day Santanu met the lovely form of Ganga on the banks of the river. He fell in love with her and proposed to marry her. She said she would accept him as husband on condition that she should always be allowed to do as she pleased and that, if ever she was crossed in her wishes, she would leave him for good. Santanu agreed to this and married Ganga.

Meanwhile, the wife of the 8th Vasu desired to possess Kamadhenu, the famous wish-granting cow of Vasistha. The Vasu feared the wrath of the Maharshi and refused to fetch her. But his wife growing very importunate, he called to his aid the seven elder Vasus, entered Vasishtha's Asrama in his absence and took the animal by force. On his return, Vasishtha learned that his sacred cow had been removed by the Vasus and cursed them all to go and live on the earth in mortal forms. They fell at the feet of the sage and implored to be excused. Vasishtha said that a curse once uttered could never be recalled and that they must be prepared to go to the earth. But the Maharshi added that he would so ordain that the seven elder Vasus, being only abettors to the crime, might return to the celestial regions soon after their birth, while the 8th Vasu being the culprit must remain on earth for a long period and would never enjoy the happiness of married life.

It so happened that Ganga became the mother of the eight Vasus. Seven sons were thrown each in turn into the river by the mother. Santanu spoke not a word of dissatisfaction. When the eighth son was born and was being borne by the mother to the riverside, Santana begged that the boy might be allowed to live with him. Thereupon, she said that he had just broken his vow opposing her wishes and that she would no longer stay with him. She, however, promised to take her son with her, educate him and then return him to the father, which she did. It is this son that was known as Bhishma.

The story of Bhishma itself is an interesting and instructive one. His father, Santanu, after his son had grown to manhood, fell in love with a pretty young girl and wished to marry her. But the parents of this girl refused to give her to him, unless he could promise the succession of his throne to her children. But how could he do this, when he had already a son? Thereupon, Bhishma comes to the rescue. He promises his father never to marry, gives up his own birthright and thus the kingdom is assured to the children of Santanu's second wife. Bhishma but fulfils the curse long ago pronounced upon him, by this celibacy on his part. But he does it unconsciously, and hence his act is a good lesson of unselfishness and self-denial to us.

The Tinnevelly Social Conference.

The Provincial Social Conference, held last month at Tinnevelly, which has hitherto been known as a stronghold of conservatism, was an unqualified success, not only in point of attendance and the enthusiasm which characterised its proceedings, but also in point of the harmony which prevailed among the diverse sections of the reform party. This was, in no small measure, due to the new additional vigour and strength, which the reform party has gained by the accretion to its ranks of men like Rao Bahadur M. Athinarayaniah Garu and Mr. V. Krishnaswami Iyer, the leading spirits of progressivists along national lines. Mr. Adinarayaniah presided and his opening address was a bold and weighty utterance, though conceived in a spirit of compromise. To begin with, he dwells on two items of reform, which command universal support, *viz.*, female education and the amelioration of the depressed classes. As regards both these questions, what is wanted is not merely the acceptance or enunciation of right principles, but a sense of individual responsibility for translating them into living practice; and we are glad to notice that it is for this that Mr. Adinarayaniah pleads in his address. He points out that the old limited system of education is not enough for the present times and requires to be widened to make Indian women really useful and efficient members of society. The great obstacle to the progress of female education is the custom of withdrawing girls from schools as soon as they

are married or grow up a little in age; and the only practical remedy open under the present circumstances is to institute a system of home-education, as Mr. Adinarayaniah suggests. We hope that the various Reform Associations in the Presidency will take up his advice and render useful assistance to home-education by organising home-classes, drawing up suitable syllabuses, holding periodical examinations and awarding prizes to successful students. With respect to the problem of the amelioration of the lower classes, Mr. Adinarayaniah says: "We can all of us set an example to our "neighbours of considerateness in our dealings "with, and our treatment of, lower orders. "Opportunities may be taken for gathering them "together and placing before them better sani-"tary methods of living and higher ideals of "life; and festive occasions may be utilised for "organising shows and tournaments for their "special instruction and amusement" The degraded position, in which the lower classes are kept in our country, is a serious blot on our Indian civilisation, and, as it will continue to hamper our progress as long as it exists, Reformers will do well to take up the question in right earnest and deal with it in the practical manner pointed out by Mr. Adinarayaniah.

On those questions of reform to which Hindu religion is sometimes supposed to be opposed, *viz.*, foreign travel, inter-dining, inter-marriage, widow-marriage and so on, Mr. Adinarayaniah speaks very cautiously and shows that it is possible to advance without violating religious sentiment or "putting up the backs of the strictly orthodox people." In matters of this kind, he recommends action on the principles of moderation and sobriety. But he is anxious to carry along with him the gurus and the higher sacerdotal authorities, and wishes the reformers to wait till the priesthood becomes enlightened and educated. The wisdom of this course may well be doubted. This discovers a certain weakness of the educated classes to which it is not pleasant to refer. In the words of a plain-spoken contemporary, they do whatever is convenient to them, in spite of opposition from the priests, and whatever does not immediately affect them they ignore or affect to ignore. In spite of this defect in Indian character, we are thankful to notice that the cause of social reform is slowly progressing. Despite the plea for moderation and sobriety, which Mr. Adinarayanaiah put in, the resolutions on the subjects of widow-marriage and early marriage are admirably drafted. Of late, Madras has fallen behind the rest of India in Social Reform movements, and we hope that the new accession of strength to the reform party will mark the inauguration of a new epoch in the history of its progress.

Our column for discussion.

New Subject.

What is my *hobby* and why I have it.

N.B.—We shall be glad to receive *short* papers on the subject, especially from ladies, for the next number of the Magazine.

A prize of Rs. 5 will be offered every quarter, to ladies alone, for the best paper on the subjects chosen for discussion. If possible, a new subject will be chosen once in three months.

EDITOR.

What is being done for and by Indian Ladies.

We learn that the Government of Mysore sanctioned Rs. 10,000 for a Students' Home for widows.

—A girls' school has been opened at Bahawalpore. The State has kindly lent the use of a *rath* for the girls coming to and going from the school.

—The Anjuman-Islamia of Calcutta has submitted its views to the Director of Public Instruction regarding the Government proposal for the training of female teachers. While anxious to further the aims of Government, it draws attention to the difficulties which beset the path, by reason of the prejudices against the scheme which tends to violate the strict observances of purdah. The Anjuman urges the adoption of precautions to conform with the observance of purdah and to avoid extraneous influence hostile to social proprietors. It suggests the selection of text books in consultation with the committees at Patna, and Calcutta.

—A remarkable memorial has been submitted by the leading Hindu residents of Poona to the Bombay Government, drawing attention to the practice which exists in the worship of certain Hindu gods and goddesses, especially at Jejuri, of marrying minor girls to the god and so dedicating them to his service, with the result that they cannot contract another marriage. These girls, the memorial states, are practically condemned to a life of infamy, and the performance of such a marriage has been held by Courts in the Bombay Presidency to be an offence against the Indian Penal Code. The memorialists point out that the law is to a large extent a dead letter, and the prosecutions under the Code are few compared with the frequency of the practice. They suggest that restriction should be placed on the temple authorities and that police aid should be invoked in putting a stop to ceremonies of the description referred to. Copies of the memorial have been circulated for the opinion of native gentlemen of the Presidency, and a statement has been called for from the Remembrancer of Legal Affairs, showing the interpretation placed by the High Courts on such marriages in recent decisions on the subject.

—A Bengalee admirer of Mrs. Sarala Devi writes in the *Bengalee*, Calcutta:—

It is a matter of great congratulation to us, Bengalees that our eminent country-woman. Mrs. Sarala

Devi, is infusing a new spirit into the Punjab students community. She it was who originated the *Rakhi Bandhan* about 3 years ago. She started the Protapaditya festival and kept up the Sivaji festival in Bengal. She started the Lakhir Bhandar and the Veerastami ; and hers is the famous Congress song about the union of the various races. She had the satisfaction of seeing her countrymen adopting the *Rakhi Bandhan* with enthusiasm, as also her advice about the boycott of English goods. Who does not know that the Societies established by her are the origin of such Societies as the Sanatan Sympradyr, Anusilam Samiti and the like ? She is now engaged in an arduous struggle. Hers must be the spirit that is keeping up the strike of the Lahore students, and we find in the papers and telegrams how pamphlets are being circulated in the monster protest meetings in the Punjab. We ought to be proud of our great country woman.

—Mrs. Promodaranjan Roy has made over Rs. 500 to the Jnanda Debi Fund commemoration Fund of her mother, the proceeds of which will go to the Brahmo Mission Fund.

—Miss Surabala Ghosh has endowed a fund of Rs. 500 to be known after her father as the Kamakhya Charan Ghosh Fund, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the relief of distressed Brahmo families.

—A Widow Remarriage was celebrated at Ahmedabad on the 24th June under the auspices of the widow Remarriage Association. The bride, Bai Parvati, daughter of Navaldas Shavji, resident of Genera, Marvad, belongs to the Visa Oswal Shravak Bania caste. She is aged 21, she had become a widow at the age of 14. The bride-groom, Shajivchand Amichand, is a resident of Barsad in the Kaira District. He belongs to the Visa Shrimali Shravak Bania caste. He is aged 35.

—Recently Mr. K. Srinivasa Rao of Kurnool delivered at Bangalore a lecture on Social Reform. Mr. V. P. Madava Rao, C. I. E., the Dewan of Mysore presided. In the course of his concluding remarks, Mr. Madava Rao said :—

" With the main contention of the lecturer that without social and moral reform and that, in our own homes, we cannot secure political progress it is impossible not to agree. Nor can the charge of indifference to Social Reform be altogether repudiated. We have a formidable task before us and a great deal of sustained action and organized effort is necessary to overcome the difficulty in our way and remove the evils which have taken deep root in our social system. The evils referred to by the lecturer are admitted to be real evils and nowadays nobody defends them. Thus the first step is gained and the next lies in educating the masses and particularly educating our women. In both these directions there is life-long work for as many of us as can devote themselves to it. I may add that we are all touched by the sorrows of the child widow and any measures for the amelioration of her condition should receive hearty approval and encouragement from us all."

—Says the *Wednesday Review*, Trichi poly :—

The adjourned debate of the Bombay Corporation on the question of woman franchise came up last week and as was to be expected there was a lively passage-at-arms between the champions and the cynics. Mr. Padhye welcomed Mr. Rahimtulla's motion on the ground that ladies if admitted to the Council will be a check against garrulity on the part of male corporators—not a complimentary reference to his colleagues, and proceeded to show how their presence would exercise a sobering and chastening influence on the whole Corporation. Dr. N. N. Katrak ascribed Sir P. M. Mehta's opposition to the measure to his fear that he would lose the monopoly of his brother corporators' ears, since the ladies are sure to claim a part of their attention, while Mr. C. J. Readymoney proposed the impossible condition that the ladies who aspired to be civic fathers, metaphorically of course, should remain single. We wonder why Mr. Readymoney should bid the fair aspirants take a vow of celibacy for sharing with him the prosaic privilege of transacting municipal business. Perhaps he fears that married dames cannot be full-time corporators. But where is the charm in claiming gaunt maids of forty and fifty, with chances of matrimony all gone, as your colleagues ? Another member related his personal experience in the matter, how he had not known moments of peace at home, ever since Mr. Rahimtulla's motion, and promised to vote for it provided his friends had no objection to their wives competing for municipal seats. After so much of cynicism, no wonder that the motion fell through. But the unkindest cut of all came from Sir P. M. Mehta who led the debate- After the manner of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman on a like occasion, Sir Mehta spoke very kind words on behalf of the women and voted against them. The moral of this for the women-folk of Bombay is—all Knights, C. I. E.'s are not necessarily Knighterrants.

—The Hon'ble Mr. and Mrs. Fraser and Mr. V. P. Madhava Rao, C.I.E., Dewan of Mysore, paid a visit to the Maharani's College recently. The girls were congregated in the Hall. They sang some songs and the National Anthem and then repaired to their respective places. The visitors then went to all the classes, and made enquiries of the elderly ladies as to their object in prosecuting their studies. The enquiries were specially made of the widow students. They were glad to learn that some of them were for the embracing of the profession of lady teachers. These enquiries and the advice that followed operated as a kind of encouragement.

THE 11TH MADRAS PROVINCIAL SOCIAL CONFERENCE.

The following is a list of the Resolutions passed at the Provincial Social Conference, held at Palamcottah last month :—

I. That this Conference, while recognising the efforts of the Educational department and private agencies to promote female education, feels it necessary to impress on all interested in social progress the importance of all members of the Hindu community taking practical steps in the matter of spreading further female education, and that in this connection the Conference notes with satisfaction the distinction won by Srimathi Rukmani Ammal and Srimathi Srirangammal, of Mysore, by their successfully passing the B. A. Examination of the University of Madras, by Kaliyani Ammal passing the F. A. examination, and by Miss R. V. Subramanya Iyer, in the passing of the Matriculation Examination.

II. That with a view to afford facilities for the school-education of girls to a later age, to arrest the growing physical deterioration of the Hindu race, and to minimise the chances of early widowhood, it is desirable that the marriageable age of girls be raised to at least 12, and that of boys to at least 18, and

that earnest attempts should be made to achieve this result.

(Proposed by Mr. V. Krishnaswami Iyer. Seconded by Mr. K. B. Ramanatha Iyer.)

III. That the Conference views with sorrow the tendency, especially on the part of the well-to-do and educated men, to make marriage a mercenary transaction, in demanding ruinous Varasulkas and the growing tendency to increase the marria_e expenses in many directions and much beyond the means of the parties.

IV. That earnest attempts should be made to ameliorate the condition of widows by providing them with educational facilities and widows' homes after the model of Professor Karve's, so that they may be more generally recognised than now as Sisters of Mercy and useful and contented members of society, and by placing no obstacles directly or indirectly in the way of widows remarrying (at least virgin widows), should the widows themselves or those interested in their welfare be so inclined.

(Proposed by Mr. N. K. Ramaswamiah (Tamil). Seconded by Mr. C. Y. Chintamani (Amraoti). Supported by Mr. G. A. Natesan.)

V. That, inasmuch as in the interests of national efficiency and the material prosperity of the country, the need for over-sea travels to foreign countries is becoming more and more imperative, this Conference is of opinion that no obstacles should be placed to re-admit such foreign travelled men to the Hindu comm.nity.

Proposed by the Hon'ble B. N. Sarma. Seconded by Mr. S. Srinivasa Aiyar. Supported by Mr. Sadhu Ganapati Pantulu. Supported by Mr. Sami Govinda Naidu (Tamil).

VI. As the present restrictions obtaining among the Hindus on inter-dining and inter-marriages among sub-sections of castes have a pernicious effect, the Conference is of opinion that those m.st be removed and that every effort should be made to overcome these restrictions.

VII. That this Conference regrets that the Hindu community has not been doing its duty by the depressed classes and that earnest attempts should be made to accelerate in all possible ways their social amelioration.

VIII. (a) That the Conference notes with extreme regret the evil of the drink habit among the educated classes and urges on all interested in the cause of progress to do all in their power to check the evil.

(b) That this Conference notes with satisfaction that a higher standard of social purity is getting recognised and it would impress on all members of Reform Associations and friends of progress the importance of promoting healthy public opinion in this matter.

News and Notes.

The Dowager Empress of China has sent $ 50,000 for the American sufferers in San Francisco, and $ 20,000 for the Chinese there.

Mrs. Marie Jenny Howe, of Cleveland, O., has been elected third vice-president of the National Consumers' League, also a member of the National Child Labor Committee of the Associated Charities.

—In the Lower House of the Diet of Saxony, Representative Goldstien, a member of the Committee on the right of suffrage, has introduced a demand for "universal, equal, secret and direct suffrage for all persons over 21 years of age, irrespective of sex."

—The French Chamber of Deputies has passed a law providing that a widow, or a woman who has obtained a divorce on account of her husband's wrong-doing, may continue, even if she re-marries, to enjoy the income of her children's property till they reach the age of eighteen.

—Among the workers for higher civilization in Manila is a Methodist missionary, Miss Deeker, who teaches five classes in the training school, is Treasurer for the Mission, and Secretary and Treasurer of the new hospital and dispensary Committee. She is also studying the dialects and compiling a text book, condensed from Hurst's Church History.

—Dr. Esther Van Deman, who took degrees in the Michigan and Chicago Universities, and who for the last two years has been instructor of law in the Woman's College at Baltimore, M.D., has been appointed holder of the Carnegie Fellowship of Classical Research in the American school of Classical studies in Rome. This is considered an especially high honor.

—Mrs. Nora Hopper Chesson, the poet and novelist, died in London recently, aged thirty-five. Nora Hopper, as she was known to the literary world, wrote several volumes of verse and poetical prose strongly imbued with the "Celtic" sentiment, although she was not an Irishwoman and had never lived in Ireland. She was the daughter of an English army officer, and in 1901 married Wilfrid Hugh Chesson, a novelist and critic.

—Mrs. Mary Anne Cooper, who is still living in London at the age of 90, with faculties unimpaired, is said to be the original of Dickens's "Little Dorrit." Many points of the story are said to be taken from her family history. The aged lady speaks enthusiastically of Dickens. She says "we were his friends all his life, and he often brought manuscripts to read to us. There never was such a man—so gentle, kindly, and clever."

—Miss Barbara Tchaykosky, daughter of Mr. Nicholas W. Tchaykosky, the Russian ex-nobleman who was made so pleasant an impression in Boston during the last few days, is assistant lecturer on Chemistry at Bedford College, Eng., and is studying to be a doctor. She is very popular among the other girls, and is clever both with her brains and with her fingers, an unusual combination. She is versatile in her gifts, and is said to be 'able to do anything, from washing clothes to conducting an orchestra."

—Miss Frances Levvy started humane work in New South Wales in 1885, at a meeting attended by fifteen children. Since then, by diligent work in the school, she has formed 400 Bands of Mercy, with a membership of 50,000 children. Miss Levvy is the Secretary of the Woman's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in New South Wales, and is editor of a Humane journal, which has the distinction of being the first newspaper of the kind published in Australia.

—Mrs. Georgiana Kelly, an ex-war nurse, eighty-five years old, marched alongside of a veteran in the recent parade of confederate soldiers in New Orleans. The couple received an ovation all along the line of

TYPES OF WOMEN.

AN EGYPTIAN LADY.

We intend publishing a series of pictures of "Types of Women."

TYPES OF WOMEN.

A BHUTIA GIRL.

march, and Mrs. Kelly was showered with flowers. She was portress of the High School in New Orleans for many years. When her husband enlisted on the southern side in the Civil War, she accompanied him as a nurse. She served on the battle-field of Shiloh, caring for the wounded and dying. She says she "feels twenty years younger since marching in the parade."

—Miss Clara E. Hillyer, one of the wealthy and helpful women of Hartford, has provided in her will for the distribution of $ 320,000 in a variety of good ways. She had been not only a giver of money, but during her life the personal service went with it, and much is said in praise of her usefulness, Hartford's hospital will get $ 50,000, the Hillyer Institute a similar amount, the Orphan Asylum $ 20,000, the Woman's Christian Association $ 10,000, the income of $ 10,000 will go to the education of women at the Theological Seminary, and so on. There were also large gifts to philanthropic and charitable organizations of a national character.

—The only woman in the world who owns and conducts a drydock and shipyard business is Miss Ela Lawless, of whom the American ship-builder, says Miss Ella Lawless is without doubt one of the most unique figures in marine affairs of the present day. She is the proprietor of the Lawless drydock and shipyard at the foot of Henderson Street, in the Morris Canal Basin, Jersey City, N. J. The business was founded by her father. At the death of Mr. Lawless, five years ago, the business was left to his daughter, Ella Lawless, who immediately assumed control. Miss Lawless has a clear insight into the modern needs of an up-to-date plant and the requirements of an ever-increasing patronage.

—The Indian widow is a veritable curse to the community to which she belongs. In the whole of India there are about 11,43,95,647 women, out of which the number of widows of all ages averages to about 25,891,936. This enormous number contains no less than 197,38,468, who are Hindu. The numerical strength of the widows of all ages is as follows :—

	Total.	Hindu.
Under one year ..	1,064	859
From 1 to 2 years ..	1,217	1,039
,, 2 to 3 ,, ..	2,271	1,887
,, 3 to 4 ,, ..	10,428	8,182
,, 4 to 10 ,, ..	95,788	78,407
,, 10 to 15 ,, ..	2,75,862	2,67,367
,, 15 to 20 ,, ..	5,22,867	4,11,093
,, 20 to 25 ,, ..	9,38,725	7,32,345
,, 25 to 30 ,, ..	14,32,608	11,14,931
,, 30 to 40 ,, ..	43,35,852	23,71,367
,, 40 to 50 ,, ..	61,34,553	46,37,114
,, 50 to 60 ,, ..	56,34,086	42,01,715
Over 60 ,, ..	66,02,018	48,68,349
Total ..	25,891,936	197,38,468

The more pity for those who are under fifteen, and whose number is by no means small. This is the tyranny of Hindu social law that is to account for this.

—A meeting was held at the Viceregal Lodge, Simla, on the 18th instant in connection with the projected India Nursing Association. The central committee consists of Lady Minto (Lady President), Lady Ibbetson, the Hon'ble Mr. Baker, Sir Louis Dane, Mr. Risley, Surgeon-General Bomford, Sir Beauchamp Duff, a non-official representative yet to be appointed, and seven members representing as many provinces, with Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel Crooke-Lawless as Honorary Secretary. The organisation and working of the scheme were discussed, and it was decided to issue an appeal to Europeans to form a fund to carry out the objects of the association. The following donations were received in the room :—The Viceroy Rs. 5,000, Sir Charles Rivaz Rs. 1,500, Lord Kitchener Rs, 1,500, Mr. Baker Rs. 1,000, the Viceroy's Staff Rs. 1,000. It may be added that Lady Minto has interested herself in this scheme since her arrival in India and Her Excellency's experience in founding a similar organisation for the whole of Canada has proved of great assistance,

VARIETIES.

Homely Counsel.

It isn't worth while to fret, dear,
To walk as behind a hearse.
No matter how vexing things may be,
They easily might be worse;
And the time you spend complaining,
And groaning about the load,
Would better be given to going on,
And pressing along the road.

I've trodden the hill myself. dear—
'Tis the tripping tongue can preach,
But though silence is sometimes golden, child,
As oft there is grace in speech—
And I see, from my higher level,
'Tis less the path than the pace
That wearies the back and dims the eye,
And writes the lines on the face.

There are vexing cares enough. dear,
And to spare when all is told;
And love must mourn its losses,
And the cheek's soft bloom grow old;
But the spell of the craven spirit
Turns blessing into curse,
While the bold heart meets the trouble
That easily might be worse.

So smile at each distaste, dear,
That will presently pass away,
And believe a bright to-morrow.
Will follow the dark to-day.
There's nothing gained by fretting;
Gather your strength anew,
And step by step go onward, dear,
Let the skies be grey or blue.

Gentle Words are Best.

Speak gently to the erring one. When she goes astray is not the time to desert her, or taunt her with words that roll like lava from your passion. No! she passes under clouds; be her light now—perhaps she has no other. Many a true heart that would have come back, like a dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by

the angry look and menace, the taunt, and the savage language of an unforgiving soul.

A Sure Reward.

Did you ever hear of a woman who had striven all her life faithfully and singly towards an object, and in no measure obtained it? If a woman constantly aspires, is she not elevated? Did ever a woman try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them—that it was a vain endeavour?

Happiness Made Sure.

Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, was one day asked what was the surest method of pursuing happiness in this world.

"Do always in health," he answered, "what you have often promised to do when sick."

The Indian Ladies' Magazine.

Acknowledgments for June, 1906.

		Rs.	A.
1.	A. Bholanath, Esq., Ahmedabad ...	4	0
2.	Lady Gajapathy Rao, Vizagapatam ...	4	0
3.	Mrs. Manekbai Kothare, Bombay ...	4	0
4.	Miss Lahiri, Giridih	4	0
5.	Principal, Noble College, Masulipatam ...	4	0
6.	Mrs. Ramabai Ranade, Poona ...	6	0
7.	Miss C. Savarinadan, Jolarpet ...	4	0
8	Hon. Secy., Vellore Union Club, Vellore	4	0
9.	Mrs. Swinford, England	4	8
10.	Mrs. Thimmiah, Coorg	4	0

DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS.

(*The experience of a Mother and her Children.*)

11, Kitchener Terrace,
Tynemouth Road,
North Shields, England.

For the sake of other mothers, I must tell you how your Doan's Backache Kidney Pills have helped me.

I have never been strong, and can trace my kidney trouble back to the days of my childhood. Even when a girl in my teens, I was tired and drowsy all the day, and didn't get restful sleep at nights. As I grew in years, I seemed to get worse, having attacks of palpitation and nervousness. Between 16 and 17 years of age, I couldn't go up half-a-dozen steps without resting; if I attempted to, I fell down. About this age, too, I began to be troubled with sharp pains in the small of the back, and was sometimes taken with dizzy spells.

Time after time, I had medicine from the doctor, but it didn't seem to help me at all.

After my 21st birthday, my health improved, although I still suffered now and then, from backache, headaches, and dizziness. I married when I was 24 years of age, and have had, in all, six children, the five born before I began with Doan's Backache Kidney Pills being premature. The first lived only 11 months, the second and third are still living; the fourth lived only 24 hours, and the fifth died within three weeks.

It was about 12 months ago, that I began taking Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, having heard them spoken highly of. The first box relieved me a good deal, and I bought some more, which considerably eased my back and improved my appetite. By keeping on with the medicine, I grew better in every way. Shortly after this, I gave birth to my sixth child; *it is the only child not prematurely born, and is going on spendidly—better, in fact, than the other two who survived.* It is just two months old now.

Altogether, I have used six boxes of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, and they have done me more good than all the doctors' medicine. I sleep better at nights, my appetite has improved, and I am a healthier woman now than I have been for many years.

You are welcome to publish these facts, and I shall be glad if my experience proves helpful to other mothers.

(Signed) (Mrs.) H. MILLER.

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are Rs. 2 a box, or 6 boxes for Rs. 10. Of all chemists and druggists, or direct from the proprietors, the Foster-McClellan Co., 8, Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, England, post free, on receipt of price.

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